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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DEDICATED TO

LORD COLCHESTER.

By E. Elizabeth Susan Colchester.

Not Published.

1849.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Le Beau Idéal	1
A Reply	4
To * * * * * *	5
Epistle to a Moral Sceptic	8
To * * * * * *	14
The Jesuit and the Widow	17
Hope	23
The Transmigration of the Soul	27
Written at Brighton	31
To Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles J. Napier, G.C.B.	36
The Disbanded Yeoman's Lament	40
The Exile of Siberia	43
Oh! weep not for the By-gone Hours	46
I see the Funeral Banners wave	49
A Cradle-Song	53
The Forsaken	56
The Musical Wife	59

TO LORD COLCHESTER.

When you glance o'er this record of years that are flow
This Memorial of Feelings pourtray'd,
Thro' each season of joy or of sorrow I've known,
In the sunshine of life and its shade!

If some shadowy tints o'er these pages be cast—
Thro' which others will carelessly roam—
You will prize them the more—since the Shades of the
Serve to brighten the Sunshine of Home!

August 1st, 1849.

LE BEAU IDÉAL.

WOMAN, from earliest youth, full oft we find,
Uncertain what her destiny may prove,
Prone to create some being of the mind,
And mould it to the form her heart could love:
With ev'ry feeling that her thoughts approve
She quickly robes this idol of her brain,
And as new fancies thro' her bosom rove,
She sighs — but oft — alas! too oft, in vain,
For whom?—this fancied partner of her bliss and pain!

As with her years this image grows mature,
Each other proves unwelcome—desolate—
Fortune and worldly honours vainly lure,
And her heart, sick'ning at the proffer'd bait,
Returns to airy dreams of distant fate,
Thro' self-created scenes of bliss to stray,
With inextinguishable hopes elate,
That Reason cannot quench, nor Time allay,
Lur'd on by Expectation's false and feverish ray.

What is the world to her?—a barren waste
Where cold self-int'rest holds its sov'reign swa
And heartless crowds pursue with eager haste
That phantom bliss, which lights them on their w
But only lends its light to lure astray,
And plunge its vot'ries in a deeper gloom,
When blighted hopes shall on their bosoms pr
False joys and falser friends prepare their doo
And in this universal wreck their hearts entomb

For, soon or late, a voice to nature true,
Shall bid these triflers gaze with juster eyes
On those bright visions which their hearts pursue,—
Shall snatch from off the world its gay disguise,
And shew the nakedness of all they prize,
Leaving them e'en to reap the bitter fruit
Themselves had sown—hearts sever'd, broken ties,
And friends estrang'd—and oh! yet more acute,
The bitter pangs of Conscience, now no longer mute!

Yet such the world, where she must bear her part,
And drag in solitude her length'ning chain,
Yet happier in her loneliness of heart
Than if she mingled with th' unthinking train—
For, lock'd within her soul, she may retain
Each purer sentiment her breast may know,
And worship still the idol of her brain,
And still with virtue, life, and feeling glow,
And gaze with pitying glance on all the world below!

Balcombe, 1827.

A REPLY.

You say, I cannot love: and if by love
You mean a girlish flame—a past'ral whine,
'Tis true—no Damon's Delia could I prove,
No Strephon's fondness could awaken mine!

But, if to me were giv'n some heart t' enthral,
Whose loftier feelings soar'd above the crowd,
Who, fir'd by genius—true to honour's call—
Knew how to rule the weak and lead the proud—

Who, nobly conscious of the gifts he bore,
But felt his country claim'd his soul the more,—
Content with such, thro' ev'ry clime I'd fly,
His slave to live!—or for his sake to die!

June 1830.

TO ******.

WHENE'ER I view that dark and placid brow,
Those full, round orbs, that with majestic grace
In silent radiance shine,—I marvel how
I gaze unmov'd upon that faultless face!

So still—so passionless thy youthful glance,
It tells no tale of love, or joy, or care,
As tho' thy life were one continued trance,
Whose dull oblivion sav'd thee from despair!

'Twas thy hard lot, whilst still a child in years,
At Hymen's shrine a sacrifice to prove—
Ere thy young heart had glow'd with hopes or fears,
Or thy untutor'd heart had dreamt of love!

Each early feeling stinted in its birth,
A world of smiles and tears untimely crush'd,
One only hope remain'd to thee on earth,
That Feeling's whisper be for ever hush'd!

That hope has been fulfill'd; for *he* was kind,
And tho' no blest delights were thine to prove,
Soon habit's influence o'er thy youthful mind
Resign'd thee to forego the joys of love!—

Thou ne'er art seen to weep, nor heard to sigh—
Thou canst not mourn o'er joys thou ne'er hast know
'Tis something, whilst unpriz'd thy youth must fly,
Thou dost not know—thou art on earth alone.

Wedded—and yet alone!—the thought how drear!
And yet the heart, that nought can warm or chill,
Stranger alike to ev'ry hope and fear,
Tho' link'd in holiest ties, is lonely still.

Yet o'er thy lot, no more my tears shall flow,
Since fain thy meek endurance would persuade,
Thou know'st of bliss whate'er thy heart *can* know,
Passive enjoyment—ne'er by Feeling sway'd.

Perchance thy lot is blest—for here below,
The griefs of life so far its joys outweigh,
That Fate can scarce a kinder gift bestow
Than robes of ice, to shield a heart of clay—

Stagnant—benumb'd—thy mind a living tomb—
In cold indiff'rence all thy senses clad—
'Tis well thou hast not, 'midst this depth of gloom,
Enough of Feeling left thee to be sad!—

EPISTLE TO A MORAL SCEPTIC.

WHENE'ER the mind in grave and pensive mood
Surveys of human life th' uncertain good,
And all the varied ills that ceaseless wait
On the dark tenants of this mortal state,
She mourns to think with what despotic force
Evil o'er earthly breasts maintains its course,
And its too willing victims leads along,
By tempting luxury or passions strong,
Till in the flow'ry paths of vice seduc'd,
To yield accustom'd — to resist unus'd —
They soon forego the faith their acts deny,
And to the sceptic's throne for refuge fly.

But tears far warmer o'er *his* fate shall flow,
Where now the weeping Muse, dissolv'd in woe,
Mourns o'er the man, whose life and heart proclaim
Each Christian doctrine, tho' he scorn that name;
Who looks on Luxury with cold disdain,
Whilst Fate bestows her choicest gifts in vain;
Whom Fortune vainly with her smiles can tempt,
From passions free—from worldly pride exempt—
Ne'er wand'ring from the path his heart approves,
His firm, unerring virtue onward moves;
The pomp of life—the restless wish to shine,
To vainer breasts contented to resign,
He marks with pity, through life's transient hour
How man can struggle for that bauble—Pow'r!
Rais'd above grov'ling tastes—from vice secure,
No earthly feelings can his heart allure—
To mental joys his loftier soul aspires,
And Nature's stores his grateful heart admires.

Alas! to think how oft the tempter's sway
Hath pow'r to lead e'en Virtue's self astray!
As the wòrn pilgrim, who, from noontide heat,
Seeks in the shady grove a calm retreat,
Where the long-tangled grass invites to rest
Those weary limbs by sore fatigue opprest,
Ne'er dreams of peril or of secret foes
(Tho' Death be lurking where he seeks repose),
Till the coil'd serpent, with a deadly pang,
Darts on his hapless prey th' envenom'd fang!
E'en so, the studious sage, averse to strife,
Who seeks a shelter from the storms of life,
Flies to the shades where pensive Muses dwell,
Or follows Science to her sacred cell,
Nor dreams, whilst turning o'er the classic page,
Or pond'ring deeply with th' Athenian sage,
How near the tempter lurks, in doubts conceal'd,
To crush that truth—a Saviour's blood hath seal'd;

Whilst his capacious mind excursive strays
Thro' Heav'n's wide field of undiscover'd ways,
Each depth to fathom, and each height ascend,
To seek of man the origin and end—
Fearing to lend a too consenting ear
To aught the vulgar hope or crowds revere,
Lest Superstition lead his mind astray,
Or partial Prejudice his judgment sway;
Averse to creeds his reason would receive,
Did not th' unlearn'd those saving truths believe:
Thro' dread of error—lost in endless doubt—
In search of wisdom—from her light shut out—
By one *too* fav'rite science prone to try
Those truths divine, which Science' laws defy,
Say—shall the efforts of that pow'rful mind
Which bursts each fetter, roaming unconfin'd
Thro' ev'ry path where knowledge loves to dwell,
Or on the mountain track, or lonely dell,

Still fail amidst their search that light t' impart
Which sheds its rays on many a lowlier heart?
Shall he to Nature's God his thoughts uplift,
And yet reject his Maker's dearest gift?
And whilst his acts a Christian's virtues prove,
Disdain the off'ring of a Saviour's love?
Nor cast one glance beyond this dark abyss,
Tho' Hope and Faith still point to endless bliss?
Alas, for him! whose heav'n-directed flight
Hath borne so near the glorious orb of light,
That *one* dark cloud should mock his anxious gaze,
And veil from *him* alone the sacred blaze,
Whilst thousands, hov'ring in the vale below,
Bask in its rays, and own th' inspiring glow!
Oh! that the Muse might prove the sage's friend,
Endow'd with pow'r that envious veil to rend,
Till, bursting on his sight, the genial flame
Would bid his heart confess his Saviour's name!

Content to abdicate the sceptic's throne
And search for wisdom in His Word alone,
There would he find that Truth his heart desir'd,
There trace the Spirit which that Word inspir'd,
Remote alike from each unjust extreme,
The scoffer's jest—the wild enthusiast's dream—
The bigot's faith, whose blind mistaken zeal
Deforms the doctrine which his lips reveal,
Teaching that all, who would not Heav'n forego,
Must wear the pharisaic garb of woe,
And lead on earth a life of ceaseless pain,
Or else despair Eternal bliss to gain,—
That righteous soul, which erst in darkness mourn'd,
Now by bright hope and firm belief adorn'd,
Might lift its ardent gaze where faith on high
Invites to lasting joys beyond the sky!

Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 4th, 1832.

In thy heart's gayest moments *his* image shall rise,
To fling o'er enjoyment dark memory's shade,
And the dearest lov'd objects thy bosom shall prize
Will but serve to remind thee of duties betray'd!
And at length, when the days of thy young pride are ove
And the future with night-clouds of grief is o'ercast,
Lest thy gaze thro' the darkness Hope's dawn should dis
cover,
Remorse claims its victim, and points to the past!

November 1845.

THE JESUIT AND THE WIDOW.

The Father ceas'd, and with a sigh
The Widow rais'd her tearful eye:
"Oh, Father, thou hast truly said
"The last sad duties now are paid,
"And all the remnant of my days
"Must be employ'd in prayer and praise.
"Yet still, methinks, my honour'd lord
"Had ne'er bequeath'd this golden hoard
"Of wealth, to *my* control alone,
"Had he not felt, and fondly known,
"His Widow's constant aim would be
"To imitate his charity,

" And teach his son the poor to feed,
" And aid the suff'rer in his need—
" God will not love my child the less,
" If the *poor* man His name should bless!"

" Daughter, I grieve to see that sin
" And worldly hopes are creeping in;
" Thy thoughts and feelings, chain'd to Ear
" All savour yet of rank and birth.
" But learn that princely alms will fail
" A blessing on thy son t' entail,
" Unless thou seek'st the only guide
" Thro' which all gifts are sanctified!
" Turn then to ask the Church's aid:
" Thro' her be all thy off'rings made.
" Henceforth, obedient—humble—meek,
" Alone *her* holy teaching seek,
" And into *her* blest hands resign
" A store of wealth unfit for thine—

"Daughter! this sinful strife give o'er;
"Resist the Church's voice no more,
"But to this scroll append thy seal,
"And thus secure thy heavenly weal—
"Or if thy callous heart of stone
"Doth for itself all hopes disown,
"Oh, rouse thee for thine infant's sake,
"Reflect how awful is the stake!"

"Cease, Father, cease!" the Widow cries;
"Give me the scroll!"—then deeply sighs;
But as she strives her eyes to raise,
She meets the Father's withering gaze;
And then, those eyes, which tear-drops drown,
Sink all abash'd beneath his frown;
With trembling hand the scroll she signs,
Which to the Church her wealth resigns;
And as she stamps the fatal seal,
The workings of *his* face reveal

The fiendish triumphs of a soul
That long had spurn'd divine control.

Ill could that widow'd heart compete
With that dark villain's base deceit,
And as with hypocritic praise,
All couch'd in priestly form of phrase,
At length he turn'd him to depart,
And blest the victim of his art,
Ah! little reck'd she that her pen
Had sign'd away the souls of men!
How, in that scroll, words all unknown,
In language foreign to her own,
Were destin'd in a stranger land
To raise and organize a band,
Rebellious to her country's laws,
And hostile to her sov'reign's cause;—
How, threaten'd peril to the state,
Might e'en involve her infant's fate;—

How, all her wealth, her lord's bequest,
Was gone to swell the traitor's chest;
Those lands to which her son was heir
Committed to that Jesuit's care—
That gold, she yielded to his frown,
Were doom'd dark Treason's plot to crown.

Now, whilst that Widow, weak and mild,
Leans on the Church to guard her child,
And firmly trusts, with hope secure,
That seal has made salvation sure,
The Father, glorying in his guile,
Boasts with a demon's with'ring smile,
How thriving is the Jesuit's trade
In worlds of pious widows made!—
What more in after years befell,
It is not mine at length to tell.
She never liv'd the truth to know;
Heav'n spar'd her widow'd heart that blow.

Suffice to say,—as time roll'd on,
The Jesuit fear'd the Widow's son—
And then, it soon became his care
The poison'd wine-cup to prepare.
The Carnival was at its height
When a monk pledg'd the youth that night—
Ere the sun rose, that monk had fled;
And ere it set, the youth was dead!

April 27th, 1847.

HOPE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

Here upon our lower earth
Roams a child of heav'nly birth,
Veiling from our gaze with care
Both his form and features fair—
Like the softest breeze of Spring,
Gently waves his balmy wing—
Earthward points from heav'n his flight,—
Hope, we name this cherub bright.

As the heav'n-descending dew
Quickens drooping flow'rs anew,
So this offspring of the skies
Strength to languid life supplies:
To the reed that feebly bends,
Fresher force and vigour lends;
And where dying sparks expire,
Fans their quiv'ring heat to fire.

Where the downward glance of grief
Seeks in secret tears relief,
Hope can light e'en Sorrow's face,
Cheer the darkest, gloomiest place,
And with bright, benignant smile,
Ev'ry earth-born care beguile;
Sure this heav'nly child of love
Sprang to life in realms above!

Sowers in the furrow'd field,
By his aid can see reveal'd
Future wavy crops afar;
Whilst, in ev'ry twinkling star
Nightly wand'rers as they roam
Deem they view their dear-lov'd home;
And his rosy light we trace
In the babe's sweet smiling face.

Thou, oh Hope! the pilgrim worn,
Thro' his thorny path forlorn,
E'en to heav'nly heights canst lead;
Taught by thee, the secret seed
Here below is sown by love
Of eternal joys above;
Whilst the heav'nly harvest cheers
Eyes oppress'd with trembling tears!

Thou wilt ne'er the saint forsake,
Tho' the world with tumult quake,
Firm he stands; with faith so bright,
Darkness at his smile grows light--
O'er his head a ray divine
Seems from open'd heav'n to shine,
Whither, led thro' star-sown ways,
Thou—the glorified—shalt raise!

Brighton, Nov. 10th, 1846.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF THE SOUL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF CASTELLI.

Full many a system I've heard of and read
With regard to the fate of our souls and the sphere
From whence they first issued and whither they fled
When releas'd from the bodies, which clung to them he
But amidst all the schemes on which theorists dwell,
Not one ever pleas'd my own fancy so well
As the curious changes our souls undergo
When they marry themselves to new bodies below.

It appears the most natural thing to my mind
That a soul that is wand'ring about in the sky,
Desirous at once a new dwelling to find,
Should select a new body that home to supply;—
Wherefore soon as the lonely and wand'ring sprite
Sees a being with which it desires to unite,—
One, whose similar tastes can its fancy entice,
Down it flies, and instals itself there in a trice!

Now, in many 'tis easy at once to detect
Where the soul had before its migration held sway
Of full many a fox I've been led to suspect
It had been an attorney of note in its day;
In the foreheads of many a monkey I've read
That it once to the stage as an actor was bred;
And I well knew a donkey that lately, I ween,
Had a learned professor undoubtedly been.

A goose gave me clearly one day to believe
That it erst wore the form of a juvenile maid;
And a buck, as one easily now may conceive,
The part of an elderly dandy had play'd.
Full many a herd of gay courtiers are found
In the bodies of serpents soft gliding around;
And we know that a scorpion triumphantly stole,
When in search of an inmate, an editor's soul!

Now, as to what bodies some souls may have ta'en,
'Tis as clear to my eyes as the light of the day,
But whither the rest may embodied remain,
By my soul! it surpasses my knowledge to say.
Goëthe, Schiller, and Shakspeare, for instance, I mean,—
Where for these can a suitable temple be seen?
Our new breed of poets?—They all, I declare,
Would protest against making their residence there.

For which reason, I've form'd this conclusion at last,
When a soul that has toil'd to the loftiest height,
Has at length reach'd the summit and labour is past,
Then it migrates no more, but with heav'nward flig
In the realms of the blest seeks repose to attain,
Nor vouchsafes amidst mortals to wander again—
Then deem it not hard in this creed to unite,
Since the best of mankind have been long out of sigl

Brighton, Nov. 19, 1846.

WRITTEN AT BRIGHTON.

HERE, as I pace the ocean shore,
How by-gone years to mem'ry rise,
And long-forgotten dreams restore
Pregnant with early smiles or sighs!
Here youthful Hope her soaring flight
First gaily sped on Fancy's wing,
Eager to clasp each vision bright
The future, yet unveil'd, might bring.

That vague indefinite that winds
  Its magic spells young hearts around,
Till cold Reality unwinds
  The charm which holds their senses bound!
For sanguine Youth, long undismay'd,
  Her baffled hopes will oft renew.
And still, in golden tints array'd,
  Her visionary schemes pursue!

E'en thus my trusting heart believ'd
  Each flatt'ring promise Fancy drew;
Illusive dreams in vain deceiv'd,
  Hope's airy fabrics rose anew!
As year by year, immers'd in thought,
  Along these shores my footsteps stray'd,
The passing hour, with pleasure fraught,
  Consol'd awhile for hopes delay'd.

Till Sorrow came, with darksome cloud,
Her shadow o'er the scene to spread,
And then my heart, by anguish bow'd,
Woke from its dream, for Hope had fled!
Then Disappointment, with her train
Of bitter thoughts and anxious care,
Brought me her cup of woe to drain—
Its noxious draught contain'd Despair!

I tasted—paus'd—then boldly flung
The poison'd chalice to the ground.
I gaz'd on high!—to Heav'n I clung—
There hope,—but chasten'd hope I found!
Then Resignation's mild control
Pour'd forth a renovating balm,
And Peace, descending on my soul,
Lull'd all its tumults into calm!

Thus strengthen'd, when life's varied woes
Return'd to crush my heart with grief,
Arm'd 'gainst Despair my spirit rose,
And sought,—and found—in pray'r relief.
When sever'd by the closing grave
From those I priz'd and lov'd of old,
Or doom'd yet keener pangs to prove,
When trusted friends grew false or cold—

I felt, as human hearts *must* feel,
For rebel nature shrinks from pain,
But soon triumphant, Hope and Zeal
Sustain'd my trembling soul again!
Upon the past I calmly gaz'd,
And onward to the future prest
With humble trust and heart uprais'd,
Prepar'd to yield to Heav'n's behest!

Long years past o'er—again I came
With thankful heart these shores to tread,
Through many a trial, still the same
Mercy divine my steps had led.
Then, as I mark'd the boist'rous gale
Die softly on the trembling ear,
I sigh'd to think how faith could fail—
I felt that God was ever near!

Now, fann'd by Ocean's breeze, once more
To Heav'n my grateful voice I raise—
New mercies bid my heart adore,
New blessings claim fresh songs of praise!
My thoughts, attun'd to chasten'd joy
In present bliss, past sorrows drown.
Home's peaceful cares my hours employ,
And Heav'n's bright hopes my visions crown!

October 7th, 1848.

TO LIEUT.-GEN.

SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, G.C.B.

ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.

Go, Hero! at thy country's call
Gird on thy conqu'ring sword!
Thy future fame, our hopes foretell—
Thy past, our hearts record!
Britannia's sons throughout the land
Thy glorious deeds proclaim;
And Scotia's hills and Erin's shore
Re-echo NAPIER's name;

Whilst England's daughters proudly weave
A chaplet for thy brow,
For blessings on thy gallant head
To Heav'n in pray'r they bow,
And teach their infant sons to lisp
The Christian Warrior's name!
Thus planting in their youthful breasts
The seeds of future fame!

The Peasant, in his lowly hut,
The Lord, within his hall,
More proudly glance, since Britain's Hope
Responds to Duty's call.—
To *Thee*, the noblest of a race,
Their grateful Country's Pride,
NAPIER!—to thy unconquer'd sword
Her Glory we confide!

The idol of thy faithful troops,
Who well their Chieftain know—
By thee to certain vict'ry led,
They scorn the fiercest foe!
At thy dread name, whilst hostile tribes
Turn pale—and warriors fly—
Through all *thy* ranks *thy* spirit breathes—
They conquer—or they die.

But, when the battle strife is o'er,
The kindest of the brave
Will staunch his comrades' wounds, and weep
O'er many a brother's grave!
And then thy voice, with healing Art,
Will soothe Affliction's hour,
And check Despair, when widow'd hearts
Seem crush'd 'neath Mis'ry's pow'r!

NAPIER! to Heav'n a nation's pray'r
Shall rise in danger's hour,
To shield thy gallant head from harm,
And blessings on thee shower!
Until that day — to Glory dear,
When, with fresh honours crown'd,
Once more, within our British homes,
We hear thy voice resound!

Fresh laurels with the olive twin'd
Shall grace thy warrior brow,
When thou return'st, those hearts to glad,
That weep their parting now!
Till then, farewell! — in Him we trust
Whom Christian lands adore,
And may He to thy country's pray'r
Her fav'rite son restore!

March 21*st*, 1849.

THE DISBANDED YEOMAN'S LAMENT.

Is the earliest dream of my boyhood then vanish'd?
Am I doom'd ne'er to arm for my country again?
From our plains must the soul-stirring trumpet be banish'd,
And loyalty glow in our bosoms in vain?
Here, my sons, take this sword which your fathers have worn;
Lay it by with each relic held sacred of old,
When true Freedom look'd down on Rebellion with scorn,
And our country was sav'd—for her statesmen were bold.

Though it now be deem'd useless, with loud shouts of gladness
It once scar'd th' invaders away from our shore;
Whilst Europe, enslav'd, curs'd her fetters in madness,
As Britain alone stood unconquer'd of yore:
Yes! take it, my sons, and when nothing remains
Of the old yeoman's name save his children alone,
If one drop of his blood shall still glow in your veins,
You will rally, for aye, round the Altar and Throne!

These grey hairs may perish that witness'd our glory
When Nelson and Pitt guarded Britain's renown,
And her Wellington's name may live only in story
Emblaz'ning her annals with Victory's crown!
But still we may pray that the spirit they woke
In the breasts of her sons may ne'er slumber again;
And that heroes, unborn, whilst these names they invoke,
May ne'er raise the proud flag of their country in vain.

E'en thus, though the boast of our Sires be denied us,
'Neath Britain's lov'd colours to fight for our Queen
We are plants of the soil; and though placemen deride
She ne'er will forget what the yeoman hath been;
Then, farewell, my comrades—whatever betide us,
Disbanded, dispers'd, though we wander alone—
Let us pray to the God of our fathers to guide us,
And watch o'er our Country, her Altar and Throne!

THE EXILE OF SIBERIA.

Once more farewell!
From thee I part—my native home
On Tobol's shores, condemn'd to roam,
Where no kind voice shall greet mine ear,
None speak of all my heart holds dear!

Once more farewell!
There far from ev'ry tie to rove
Which binds the heart to home and love,—
No prattling babes, no faithful wife,
To cheer and soothe the cares of life!

Once more farewell!
Oh! in that word there seems to dwell
A fatal sound—a funeral knell!
Perchance, alas! an early tomb
Midst Oural's snows shall be my doom!

Once more farewell!
But oh! tho' Fate have thus decreed
In Solitude my heart must bleed,
That Christian hope my soul retains
Which triumphs o'er the captive's chains.

Once more farewell!
Tho' here to tyrant force I bend,
The despot's pow'r with life must end,
But God will hear the victim's pray'r
And shield the exile from despair!

Once more farewell!

Then, Lord, to Thee my voice I raise
Midst deserts wild, Thy name to praise,
Till death's dread sting will pow'rless pro
O'ermaster'd by a Saviour's love!

OH! WEEP NOT FOR THE BY-GONE HOURS.

Oh! weep not for the by-gone hours!
Mourn not that pleasures fade!
Life's path is strew'd with thorns and flow'rs,
With sunshine and with shade.
In youth's light-hearted, gay career,
The pulse of life beats high,
The ready smile will chase the tear,
And laughter check the sigh.

Too soon this sunshine of the heart
Hope's golden dream, is o'er!
Its clouded rays no warmth impart,
The spell can charm no more!
But there's a holier charm than this,
In after-life we prove,
When, wean'd by Faith from earthly bliss,
We turn to Joys Above!

This healing balm, in happier years,
May each fond bosom know,
Toiling thro' life, 'midst grief and tears,
Unpitied here below!
Though youth may flee,—then wherefore mourn?
Though Earth's gay blossoms die,
Far brighter flow'rs, which own no thorn,
For ever bloom on High!

(RITORNELLA.)

Then weep not for the by-gone hours!
Mourn not that pleasures fade!
Life's path is strew'd with thorns and flow'rs,
With sunshine and with shade.

I SEE THE FUNERAL BANNERS WAVE.

I see the funeral banners wave
Above that hearse of state,
Which carries to her silent grave
The Fair! the Rich! the Great!
Her coronet of gold is there,
On velvet cushion borne;
Emblazon'd arms and trappings rare
That funeral car adorn!

High-mettled steeds, that spurn the rein,
Beneath their housings prance;
Whilst royal mourners swell the train,
And sable crowds advance!
Her kin—the noblest of the land,
All sprung of ancient race—
Are there—a proud, illustrious band—
Her obsequies to grace!

And those, who oft, in lightsome mood,
Have sought her festive hall,
Now meet, alas! o'er death to brood,
And bear her fun'ral pall!
To *Her*, whose cold, unconscious clay
Within that hearse is laid,
How vain the pageant of to-day,
This pomp and proud parade!

When from its prison here below
Th' immortal soul hath fled,
Why mock with all this tinsel show
The slumbers of the dead?
Oh! wherefore, when the transient breath
Of fame and beauty's o'er,
Hush'd in the senseless trance of death,
Life's vanities restore?

The mourner, to whose grief-struck breast
Some mould'ring dust is dear,
Shrinks, if the vulgar gaze but rest
Upon the lov'd one's bier—
He sickens at the proud array
Which hovers round the shroud,
The gilded trophies of decay
Which lure the gaping crowd!

If *one* kind heart, when I am dead,
Weep o'er my silent grave,
That tear, by gentle Pity shed,
Is all my hopes would crave.—
A single cypress, waving there,
Shall mark my grassy bed,
And one "forget-me-not" declare
Upon whose dust ye tread!

A CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, my babe!—thy mother's eye
Its vigil keeps beside thy bed,
Whilst fondest pray'rs ascend on high
For blessings on thy infant head!
Trembling now, she dreads to mark
What fragile pow'rs thy life sustain;
A breath might quench that vital spark,
And leave her childless once again.

THE FORSAKEN.

Once more my tears fall thick and fast,—
And I have wrestled then in vain,
Since one fond mem'ry of the past
Can thus unnerve my soul again!
I thought my heart was school'd at length
With tranquil pulse thy name to hear—
I thought that pride had lent such strength,
I never more should shed a tear!

Too long, alas! my only pride
Had been to mark thy rising fame;
For, ever with success allied,
I gloried as I read thy name!
But now that dream of happier days
My heart must never own again;
Whilst careless thousands speak thy praise,
I only must unmov'd remain!

I must not breathe—*I* must not feel
An int'rest in thy proud career;
Nay—rather let my heart congeal,
And turn to ice each burning tear!
Another now thy love must claim;
Another in thy glory share;
Whilst *I* will mutely bless thy name,
Lest still that sound revive despair!

Yet—hush, my heart! thy plaint give o'er:
When mem'ry's fondest visions rise,
Turn to thy God,—His grace implore,
Who never scorns the mourner's cries!
Thus taught to triumph o'er despair—
Bid each rebellious murmur cease—
Breathe for *his* bliss one chasten'd prayer—
And look beyond this world for peace!

THE MUSICAL WIFE.

How I wish that my wife would not practise all day,
My head, it is ready to split,—
It snows—so I cannot get out of her way,
But at home all the morning must sit.
How little I thought, when I first heard her sing,
And hung o'er her harp with delight,
The sorrows a musical partner might bring,
Who would practise from morning till night!
Oh! beware, young men, of a musical wife,
For Eliza's fine voice is the plague of my life!

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

THE

LADY "ARABELLA STUART."

A Poem.

BY E[illegible]S. L[illegible]

LONDON:
Printed by G. BARCLAY, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

CONTENTS.

	Page
The Coliseum	1
The Confession	9
The Nuptials	21
The Court of Policy	25
The Soliloquy	35
The Masque	41
The Arrest	58
The Captives	68
The Interview	80
The Second Court of Policy	86
The Escape	93
The Privy Council	99
The Capture	105
The Tower	110
The Conclusion	121

The Coliseum.

Away! away! my early dream
Remembrance never must awake;
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
My foolish heart, be still—or break!

Byron.

Night sheds her loveliest mantle o'er the plain,
Where ancient Tiber rolls his wat'ry way—
The bright moon sailing thro' her azure reign
Looks down on Rome, and her proud ruins grey.
Her silver beams now glance upon the stream,
Now light a hundred temples, whilst anon,
Through broken arches shed, their searching gleam
Carve into life each form they rest upon.

And now, on *one* they cast a fitful ray,
Who leans entranc'd against that aged pile,
Or wanders musing on his lonely way,
Whilst o'er his features gleams a mournful smile—
Downcast he seems—with weightiest grief opprest,
Yet strives to struggle with his wayward fate,
As tho' he fain would hush within his breast
Those sighs—those pangs—which Love's sad woes create.
Yes! love in him is pow'rful—but its flight
Soars above earth, to reach its native sphere!
His soul—the emblem of this heav'nly night—
Scorns the low passions which debase it here;
Yet, deep within its secret cells secure,
From earliest youth with ev'ry thought entwin'd,
A Being, meet for such a worship pure,
Hath wav'd her magic wand o'er Percy's mind.

Oh fair enchantress! Britain's royal maid,
Why thus in evil hour did Love decree,
That hapless Percy's pray'r—too long delay'd—
Should find thy gentle heart no longer free?
But hark! his grief finds utt'rance, and his gaze
Turn'd upward to the sky hath caught from thence
A holier purity, which bids him raise
Far above earth, his soul's intelligence!

"Orb of the blest!"—he cries—"whose light serene
"Hath pow'r each earth-born passion to allay;
"Oh! who could gaze upon this glorious scene,
"Nor burst the fetters of his mortal clay?
"Too long chain'd down to earth, my enfeebled soul
"Hath bow'd beneath its with'ring sense of woe—
"Henceforth, shall loftier energies control
"Its secret springs—impell'd by Friendship's glow.—

" Lov'd of my soul! yea, long and deeply lov'd!
" Here, 'neath the canopy of heav'n, I swear,
" By ev'ry pang this bleeding heart hath prov'd,
" To sink 'neath Lethe's wave, its fond despair
" Oh! could the chilling solitude I feel,
" As now my heart resigns each cherish'd scheme,
" Each blissful hope, which Mem'ry's stores reveal
" Thro' countless years of Love's delusive dream
" Oh! could *my* wreck of happiness secure
" Unclouded days of sunny joys to *thee*,
" Unmurm'ring would my faithful breast endure
" That Fate should aim her deadliest shafts at me

" E'en here—amidst this heap of ruin'd pride,
" These mould'ring records of departed years,
" Where savage pastimes reign'd—where Christian died—
" To please a tyrant—or to soothe his fears,—

"A moral yet survives, from whence the heart
"May learn, alas! how transient is the day
"Of human greatness—and from hence depart,
"With chasten'd hopes, to tread life's varying way!
"And *thou*, mild queen of night—whose radiant beam
"Sheds peaceful beauty o'er this scene of strife,
"Emblem of Friendship! at this hour I deem
"Thy sacred influence dawns upon my life!
"Rous'd from each selfish hope—this very hour
"My hand shall seal the purpose of my soul;
"Lest erring Nature yet regain her pow'r,
"And scorn the temper'd language of control."

. . . . . .

He said,—and homeward turn'd him with a sigh,
To trace his alter'd feelings on the page,
Which soon shall meet his gentle fair one's eye,
The British Dove, who pines in courtly cage.

Percy's Letter.

"LADY,—I come those smiles to greet,
"Which first had pow'r this heart to move,
"But, when our eyes again shall meet,
"Mine shall no longer speak of love!

"My gentle friend! when last we parted,
"With anguish torn, this bosom bled,
"And thy fond lover—broken-hearted—
"Desponding, from thy presence fled!

"In vain I madly quaff'd the bowl—
"In vain I sought Italia's sky,
"I could not soothe my tortur'd soul—
"I could not from remembrance fly!

"But now—that wild delirium over—
"My pulse is calm—my heart resign'd—
"And never shall thy breast discover
"*One* feeling—thou wouldst scorn to find.

"But Time—which thus hath pow'r o'er Love,
"To blunt his keenly pointed dart—
"Can ne'er that tenderness remove,
"Which lingers in the faithful heart!

"Tho' ev'ry feeling thence it banish
"Which savours of an earthly fire—
"Yet brighter—as the smoke shall vanish,
"Doth heav'nward still the flame aspire!

"I come—that early friend to bless,
"Who owns a happier lot than mine—
"Nor will I love my rival less,
"Because his fate is link'd with thine!

" Then, lady, for thy bliss to heav'n,
" Whilst now my hourly pray'rs ascend,
" May not the lover be forgiv'n
" When chang'd into the faithful friend ?"

The Confession.

——— the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, thro' my veins
Flows in lone brightness — and its gifts are chains!

Mrs. Hemans.

Pensive and mute, upon a couch reclin'd,
Whose silken drap'ries shade the noontide glare,
With pallid cheek, and tresses unconfin'd,
A royal maiden sighs, oppress'd with care!
Her soft, blue eye is fring'd with lashes deep—
Her brow is arch'd—her forehead full and fair—
But sorrow's tints—which o'er her features sweep,
Have chas'd the rose—to fix the lily there!

Yet lovely, e'en in paleness, doth she seem ;
Each softer line, that painters love to trace,
Each matchless charm, that lights the poet's dream,
Hath Nature lavish'd on that form of grace!
Beside her couch an aged matron stands,
Whose anxious looks of tenderness bespeak
A mother's love! see now, she clasps her hands,
Whilst the big tear bedews her hollow cheek—
At length, as tho' her bursting heart no more
Could silent bear to mark, how, day by day,
Some hush'd corroding anguish hourly bore
The bloom and freshness of her youth away.

" Speak to me, lov'd one!"—she exclaim'd—"my child,
" Whose infant woe—whose visionary grief,
" Were ever by my anxious love beguil'd,
" Oh speak in pity—lend my heart relief!

"Vainly I've watch'd thro' many a silent year,
"To see the once-lov'd smile thy face illume,
"And mourn'd with more than e'en a mother's fear,
"The secret sorrows which thy days consume.
"Oh! couldst thou read this fond devoted heart,
"Which fain would prove the haven of thy rest,
"Thou wouldst not fear thy inmost griefs t'impart,
"And lodge them in thy Shrewsbury's faithful breast."

Scarce had she spoke—when, rising from her seat,
Whilst crimson blushes half the truth reveal'd,
The royal maiden sunk at Shrewsbury's feet,
To own the tender flame so long conceal'd.

"Oh! more than mother to my orphan years,
"Deem not this heart all thankless, but forgive,
"If nurs'd in silence—water'd by my tears—
"Within its secret cells *one* thought should live

" Unshar'd by thee! my best, my earliest friend!
" But oh! too well thy lofty soul I know—
" Thy eager zeal—then wherefore should I blend
" Thy fate with mine—to crown thy days with woe!
" Yet since all vain th' endeavour to disguise
" From love like thine, the secret of my breast,
" Know it hath long been chain'd in tenderest ties,
" Yet by dark Fate's prophetic fears opprest,
" It trembles at the links it fain would frame
" With *one* from childhood lov'd with changeless truth;
" Scorning each royal suit my birth might claim,
" For *his* lov'd sake I pass'd a cheerless youth!
" This gentle playmate of my childish hour,
" By birth, by blood, by youthful sports allied,
" Ere James had learnt the sweets of tyrant pow'r,
" Would oft in frolic claim me for his bride;

" Then would the monarch smile upon his claim,
" And feign his boyish fondness to approve;
" Till soon, in secret nurst, this growing flame
" Confess'd the ardour of romantic love!
" Too soon those days were gone — full many a year
" Stole o'er us—and too many a threat'ning shade
" Lower'd o'er our hopes, as princes far and near
" My favour claim'd; yet still would James evade
" Each proffer'd suit. Too near his royal throne,
" To suit his jealous fears, his rival stood.
" Alas! how oft must this poor heart atone
" The crime of royal birth and Stuart blood?
" Thou know'st me guiltless, tho' 'twas Raleigh's pride
" To gild his projects with my specious claim;
" Tho' Grey and Cobham, Brook and Markham tried
" To mask revolt beneath my hapless name!

" Alas! they little knew the one deep thought
" My conscious bosom own'd — how false I deem'd
" Each joy that regal state or grandeur brought;
" How vain each gaudy, glitt'ring pageant seem'd
" To this fond heart, where calm domestic bliss
" Had form'd the fairy dream that o'er it stole,
" Which knew no wish — no brighter hope than this —
" To live belov'd, beyond a court's control!
" Yet oh! 'twas not each royal suit alone,
" Or Raleigh's treason that alarm'd the throne;
" Each day, each hour, some new-born phantom rose
" To scare the court, and mar my heart's repose.
" But little reck'd I of their vain dismay,
" Whilst yet, from all conceal'd — in secret lay —
" The mutual flame, which in this trembling breast
" Its faithful lord had kindled and confest.

" Yet oft—lest James suspect our secret flame,
" If with disdain I spurn'd each proffer'd claim,
" Still would my cautious language feign t' ap-
prove;
" If Lennox sigh'd, or Percy talk'd of love.
" But ne'er did heartless womanish desire
" Of triumph vain, those doubtful smiles inspire;
" Once—only once—alas! too well I feign'd,
" Till Percy half believ'd his suit obtain'd;
" And, flush'd with anxious hope, his lips confest
" The dream of love, which warm'd his ardent
breast.
" Oh! deeply then my conscious bosom griev'd
" To think my smiles had for an hour deceiv'd
" That noble heart—I ne'er had wish'd to lure—
" Whose love was gen'rous—as its flame was
pure!
" Sorely I wept to think a heart so kind,
" So cold—so poor a recompense must find—

" And fondly then—his hopeless flame to cure,
" I strove to soothe his anguish, and to move
" Within that friendly breast those feelings pure
" Whose milder reign succeeds the storm of love!
" To *him* with many a tear, my lips confess'd
" My trembling bosom's hope—the dearest, first,
" It e'er hath known—yet still with sighs repress'd,
" And e'en from infancy in secret nurst!—
" Deeply did Percy mourn that fatal hour
" When years of blissful hope were chang'd to woe;
" Sadly his heart was bow'd 'neath Passion's pow'r,
" When anguish bade his manly tears to flow;
" But soon, resolv'd within my breast to wake
" Each kinder feeling which he yet might share,
" Lest weak returns of love his purpose shake,
" He sought 'neath brighter skies—to chase despair!

"Scarce twelve revolving moons their course have run,
"Yet now, his feelings, school'd by stern control,
"E'en as he turns to hail his native sun,
"Thus speak the temper'd language of his soul."

She said — and whisp'ring in the Countess' ear
The gen'rous lines from Percy late receiv'd,
She paid the tribute of full many a tear
To the firm heart her wayward fate aggriev'd;
But when her lips *his* dear lov'd name pronounc'd,
For whom she dares her sovereign's wrath to meet,
For whom thro' many a year her heart renounc'd
Th' admiring train that sigh'd at Beauty's feet,
The matron fondly wept — and with a look,
That keen maternal tenderness betray'd,
Clasp'd the fond girl, whose frame convulsive shook
With the strong effort which her soul had made!

"Alas!—she cried—'twas e'er the Stuart's dow'r,
"To live the victims of despotic pow'r;
"To mourn that close alliance to a crown,
"Which arms with jealousy a rival's frown:
"Peasants may wed in peace—must rank alone
"And regal birth the bridal links disown?
"Tho' in thy veins the blood of kings may flow,
"Why must ye pine in solitary woe?
"Heav'n grant ere long, some happier fate be
thine;
"May Hymen's rosy bands thy hearts entwine!
"May God reward the virtue of thy friend,
"And well-earn'd bliss on Percy's steps attend!
"And when ere long that gallant youth returns,
"Bright in whose breast each loftier feeling
burns,
"Who proudly thus in Virtue's mail can arm
"His soft rebellious heart 'gainst Beauty's charm,

"How nobly shall that glorious triumph prove
"That Friendship's flame can quench the blaze of
Love.
"That purer tie, where self is all forgot;
"Where cold ungen'rous Int'rest enters not;
"Where the fond heart—by Truth and Honour
led—
"Still serves with zeal, tho' all its hopes are dead!
"This virtuous sacrifice shall yield him peace,
"And bid the torments of his bosom cease—
"When hopeless grief assails the lover's heart,
"Time's healing bandage can a balm impart;
"But where the agonies of keen suspense
"Fever the soul, with torturing pangs intense—
"Where doubt yet lingers—with impatient hand
"Twill tear from off the wound each soothing band,
"Renew each bitter pang—and give to view
"The deep'ning gash—which hourly bleeds anew!"

Thus Shrewsbury strove t' assuage the maiden's pain
With soothing kindness thro' the livelong day;
Then ever and anon invok'd again,
Heaven's fiercest wrath upon the tyrant's sway!

The Nuptials.

——— as if throughout
The elements one fury ran,
One general rage, that left a doubt
Which was the fiercer—Heav'n or Man!

Moore.

The midnight bell hath toll'd; the wint'ry blast,
Piercing and rude, blows chill; dissolving fast,
The clouds descend yon Gothic pile around,
And fall in floods upon the holy ground.
Braving the tempest's rage, full many a year
That spire hath stood; but now, as seiz'd with fear,
E'en from the cloister'd vault, it seems to quake,
The arch'd roof trembles, and the pillars shake;—

Nay, 'tis not fancy's dream; the deaf'ning gale,
With its loud fearful moan, that seems to wail
O'er Nature's agony, with presage dread
Sounding a mournful summons from the dead,
Is come to greet a young, a loving pair,
Who, trembling, kneel beside the altar there!
What bids them madly brave the tempest's pow'r,
And fix on *such* a night their bridal hour?
Lit to the altar by the lightning's flash—
Their marriage peal—the thunder's awful crash,—
Say—how can lovers' hopes or dreams of bliss,
E'er promise brightly from a dawn like this?
When jarring elements and low'ring skies,
To stay their vows in solemn warning rise?
One noble matron near the gentle bride—
One youth alone is at the bridegroom's side.—
Where is the marriage train?—the proud display
That ever waits on Beauty's brightest day?

Darkness and dread her bridal maids have been;
And now—the rite perform'd—all quit the scene,
And down the gloomy aisle with caution steal,
As tho' the walls had virtue to reveal
Whate'er they heard that night—the solemn vow
Fond hearts and lips have pledg'd in secret now!
What is the fear, their trembling bosoms own,
That gifts with eyes and ears these walls of stone?
Why is the whirlwind's roar, the lightning's pow'r,
Unmark'd by *these* alone in Peril's hour?
Oh! it is Man they fear—the struggles fierce
Of warring elements, less keenly pierce
Their souls with dread, than Pride's despotic reign,
Whose jealous spies now swell the monarch's train.

Hush'd is the storm; the parting clouds are driv'n
Swiftly across the wide expanse of heav'n;

The lunar lamp, the twinkling stars on high,
Regain their empire o'er the azure sky;
Earth's trembling sons no more their vigils keep,
But seek oblivion to their fears in sleep:
Peace breathes around, and bids the world once more
The silence of her reign to Night restore.

The Court of Policy.

And a magic voice and verse
Hath baptized thee with a curse;
And a spirit of the air
Hath begirt thee with a snare.

Manfred.

Whilst drowsy mortals sunk in rest appear,
The watchful spirits of that guardian sphere,
To whose presiding influence 'tis assign'd,
To rule the destinies of human kind,
Now meet in solemn council to debate
Affairs of import to the British state:
With various pow'r, these sprites their task fulf
With various agency of good and ill;

Of ev'ry sex, and ev'ry shape they seem,
With hue as various as the Iris beam:
From their benevolence or malice flow,
Each bliss and ev'ry pang that mortals know!—
Foremost of late among th' aërial bands,
Dark-brooding Policy her wings expands;
Her icy pinions, wheresoe'er they light,
Infect the region with their wintry blight:
Sidelong the demon moves, with look askance,
And casts, on Britain's court, her with'ring glance
Fain would her pallid cheek, and lip compress,
Conceal the fury lab'ring at her breast,
As now she deems each former triumph vain,
Which cost her spiteful heart such pangs to gain
As now she marks how in an evil hour
Love hath presum'd to brave her mighty pow'r:

Swift to her aid she summons ev'ry sprite,
To whom another's woe can yield delight—

Each mischief-loving imp, and fiend of air,
Who loves to blast the joys he cannot share.
Obedient to her call, first Envy flies,
Practis'd to look on bliss with jaundic'd eyes;
Then Jealousy, of Love and Fury born,
With dark Suspicion comes, and angry Scorn;
Rob'd in a mystic veil, with crooked gait,
Scandal advances, led by cautious Hate;
The whisp'ring dwarf suggests the secret lie,
Which Malice and Revenge proclaim on high:
With these, to Policy's dark court repair
Each gloomy train, that owns her fost'ring care.
Those, who in damp and dreary fogs exist,
And love the darksome cloud and drizzling mist;
Or in the sullen shades of polar night,
Their own congenial atmosphere delight;
But fly th' exhilarating smiles of day,
And loathe the sun's benign and cheering ray.

Thro' winding avenues their flight they bend,
Thro' gloomy labyrinths that never end,
Until they reach the lone and dreary site,
Where her dark palace rears its tow'ring heigh
There, Art and Falsehood at the entrance wait
On either side to guard the brazen gate:
Thro' glimm'ring halls their dubious path to guid
Cunning precedes them to their sov'reign's side.
And now the Demon station'd at her post,
Receives the homage of the dusky host,
Who round her throne on balanc'd pinions rest,
Prompt to obey with zeal their chief's behest.
First glancing round on her obsequious train,
She strives her sullen fury to restrain;
Then fir'd with rage, on secret vengeance bent,
She thus resolves to give her malice vent:—
"Say then, my followers, from this fatal hour
"Shall Love, all pow'rful, learn to scorn m
pow'r?

"Shall each *once* faithful subject of my sway,
"Henceforth on high his rebel flag display?
"Shall Hymen now, my *once* devoted slave,
"Seduc'd by Love, presume my wrath to brave?
"Wont 'midst themselves eternal war to wage,
"And mar each other's plans from age to age;
"Shall *these* now link'd—to wound my pride the more—
"Forswear the enmity they own'd before?
"Alas! the proudest triumph of my art
"Had been to keep these rival pow'rs apart!
"In olden time, where Hymen spread his sail,
"Charg'd with a royal freight, I fann'd the gale;
"But at the helm, I bade Ennui to wait
"A pilot—bred in Luxury and State—
"Who, steering by the chart in Grandeur's court,
"Soon drove his crew to Disappointment's port;
"But oh! if lur'd by the auspicious breeze,
"Some humbler pair presum'd to tempt the seas;

" Wherever Hymen launch'd his venturous bark
" The winds grew adverse, and the heav'ns grew d
" Lit by Content, Hope plied her oars in vain;
" With Poverty's drear rocks I fill'd the main;
" Love vainly steer'd to reach the destin'd goal,
" And wreck'd his vot'ries on Affliction's shoal.

" But vanquish'd now—by two fond hearts o'er
come—
" Shall Policy's defeated wiles become
" To Love a triumph—to mankind a sport—
" A jest—a by-word at the British Court?
" Mark'd ye that pair, who on this fearful night
" Before the altar knelt in Heaven's despite,
" To solemnize beneath the tempest's gloom,
" Those sacred rites which soon shall seal thei
doom?
" Mark'd ye that maiden's brow?—it seem'd to w
" Despite each timid blush, a regal air;

" Whilst he, who strove with tenderness to cheer
" His gentle bride's alarm and shrinking fear,
" Bore the same stamp of birth and high descent,
" Distinctly trac'd in each proud lineament.
" There, *Arabella*—Love's devoted slave—
" Hath madly dar'd her Sov'reign's will to brave;
" Link'd to her *Seymour* by the nuptial oath
" To him, who first receiv'd her plighted troth,
" She there redeem'd the pledge in childhood giv'n,
" And bade defiance to the wrath of Heav'n!
" But vainly shall the rebels strive to hide
" The fatal links in which their hearts are tied.
" Forbid it, Vengeance!—and each mighty pow'r,
" Assembled here in this eventful hour!
" If still within your breasts th' aspiring aim
" Of Pow'r and Influence can rouse a flame,
" Let not the toils of this ethereal host,
" The work of ages, in an hour be lost!

" Oh, Pow'rs of Evil! if ye deem me still
" Worthy the station of your chief to fill,
" And still combin'd, my sov'reign will obey,
" Love shall be vanquish'd, and his short-liv'd sway
" Serve but to add new lustre to my reign,
" When Britain trembles 'neath my laws again!"

As now she ceas'd, each denizen of air
Flapp'd his dark wings, and murmur'd forth a pray'r,
That Policy would still with Love contend,
Lest mortal hearts to heav'nly joys pretend.
Then, on their queen's malignant forehead sate
Each gloomier triumph, crown'd by vengeful Hate;
Whilst thus—but half her will in words expresst—
Dark hints and mystic signs convey'd the rest:—
" Know then, ye faithful servants of my pow'r,
" Assembled here in this eventful hour,

" Long have I sought 'mongst Britain's courtly fair,
" A fitting tool my dark designs to share:
" At length I've fix'd on Suffolk's wily heart;
" There, Jealousy, direct your deadliest dart;
" There, Envy, Falsehood, and a num'rous train
" Of Slander's secret imps, your posts maintain.
" Thou, Tyranny, o'er James' cold breast preside,
" With dark Suspicion and with Fear allied,
" Till royal vengeance doom the guilty pair
" To drink the dregs of madness and despair!
" Enough of this — one stubborn soul, alas!
" Defies my pow'r to bend — but let that pass, —
" I've marr'd his bliss at least, tho' vain my art,
" To taint th' unsullied fountain of his heart!
" 'Tis that proud youth, who on this bridal night,
" When the clouds flash'd with an unearthly light,
" There — at the altar stood — by Seymour's side,
" And saw his earliest love — another's bride! —

" Still to *his* watchful zeal, that pair shall owe
" The few short hours of bliss they yet may know;
" Whilst the dread secret of their fate is known
" To Shrewsbury's Countess and himself alone!
" But now—my will reveal'd—enough ye know,
" That two fond hearts may writhe in endless woe,
" Disperse!—assembled spirits of the air;—
" To execute your several tasks, prepare!
" That Love may learn, how vain its pow'r must prove
" Against the train that Policy can move!"

She said,—with sullen zeal the fiends obey,
And Britain owns her dark malignant sway.

The Soliloquy.

* * * * * * * * *

So writhes the mind Remorse hath riv'n,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heav'n;
Darkness above—despair beneath—
Around it flame!—within it death!

Byron.

High rose o'er heaven's blue arch the noontide sun,
Long had the busy crowds their tasks begun,
When Suffolk's Countess from that couch arose,
Where her worn frame had vainly sought repose.

Oh, Sleep, thou soother of the troubled breast,
By sorrow, sickness, or disease, opprest,

Thy balm can lull each pang which mortals know-
Save those, which from upbraiding conscience flow
Yes! anxious hope may spend the human frame
And Fear alike thy mild oblivion claim;
E'en fever's heat will own thy magic sway,
And burning eyelids dream their cares away.
But when the heart is poison'd at the source
Sleep hath no pow'r to charm away remorse;
All vain is Nature's opiate to control
The demon raging in the guilty soul!
But not the tortures of remorse alone
Consume that breast, whence tranquil sleep hat
flown;
No heartfelt sighs, no penitential tears,
Betray contrition for her mis-spent years;
No secret groan, no heav'n-directed pray'r,
Bursts from those lips—she seeks not Mercy *there*
Too well had Policy's foul fiends fulfill'd
Their earthly task, whilst Jealousy instill'd

Her deadly venom into Suffolk's ear,
Envy's dark hints had roused the pulse of fear.
Now, in that pallid cheek, the eye may read
The fearful strife which bids her bosom bleed!
The fierce contending passions, which conspire
To madden, rouse, and set her brain on fire!
Those lines of Beauty, which in earlier days
Had form'd the theme of many a poet's lays,
Harden'd by time, and worn by cank'ring Care,
By with'ring Passion, Guilt, and dark Despair;
Those faded features own a lustre still,
Shed by th' undying energy of will!
Despite the pangs of unrepented sin,
Urg'd on to action by the fiend within,
Thro' the long fev'rish hours of night intent
On schemes of vengeance—ev'ry feeling bent
To work destruction on a hated foe,
And feast her eyes upon her victim's woe,
Exulting with a dark malignant joy
To see her art her rival's peace destroy,

She triumph'd in the snare her thoughts suggest,
And thus the purpose of her soul exprest:—
" Too long this heart, by Passion's dream enslav'd,
" Hath bled in silence, or in secret rav'd;
" 'Tis time to visit on that heart of stone
" The life-destroying pangs he bids me own;
" Percy shall learn what Suffolk's heart can dare,
" And Arabella's breast my tortures share.
" My hated rival, whose ill-fated charms,
" Daily in Britain's court, wake fresh alarms;
" Who plac'd by birthright near thy kinsman's crown,
" So rashly scorn'st a sov'reign's threat'ning frown,
" And lists with fav'ring ear each am'rous swain,
" Whilst councils meet to censure thee in vain!—
" No longer seek with frivolous disguise
" To veil thy secret from my piercing eyes;
" This bleeding heart hath guess'd the fatal truth,
" Cold scheming Percy—that proud stoic youth,

" In whose stern breast no thoughts but int'rest rise,
" Disdain'd my love to snatch a worthier prize.
" With rash design a diadem to wear,
" And Arabella's rebel throne to share,
" He scorn'd my passion, feign'd to check my flame,
" And mock'd my pray'r, to triumph in my shame:
" But now, his hour is come, and this bold hand
" Shall spread his treasonous plots throughout the land.
" Veil'd in a Turkish garb, some hireling slave
" Shall at th' approaching masque an audience crave,
" And into Percy's hands a scroll consign,
" Which Arabella's well-forged name shall sign.
" Lur'd by that bait, the treasonous lines he'll read,
" Nor heed the peril hov'ring o'er his head;
" And ere the morrow's dawn salute the skies,
" A royal mandate shall secure my prize:

" Meanwhile, be mine the task with artful wile,
" With dark and doubtful hint, and bitter smile,
" To fan the jealous flame of royal fear,
" And pour th' envenom'd tale in Anna's ear:
" Thus shall my heart a sweet revenge obtain,
" And I shall revel in my rival's pain."

She said—and hasten'd, with a savage glee,
To seal—she vainly hop'd—*his* misery,
Whom her perverted heart had dar'd to name,
The object of her wild and guilty flame.

The Masque.

A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which shew'd all things, but nothing as they were.

Doge of Venice.

The Queen hath summon'd for the Twelfth-day night,
To grace the splendours of her midnight masque,
Whate'er of noble birth or beauty bright
Her court contains, to aid the sprightly task.
Oh! who shall paint the anxious, hurried strife,
Which stirs the bosom of the youthful fair,
Whose hourly thoughts, with frolic fancy rife,
Their costly habits for that night prepare?
How many a day, in varying garb array'd,
Irresolute, they ask'd the mirror's aid;

Here Flora smil'd, in wreaths of roses crown'd;
There, deck'd in awful smiles, a Juno frown'd.
Nor is the day alone, by Beauty lent
To the fond choice, her varied stores supply,
On Persia's robe, or India's gauze intent,
Too oft the fair their nightly slumbers fly;
Full many a frugal husband curs'd the hour
When Jonson first design'd the courtly masque
Full many a wife blest Anne of Denmark's pow'r
When thus she sanction'd Beauty's fav'rite task
Whilst ruin'd houses, barter'd acres, swell
The dazzling triumphs of that pageant bright;
Long shall the courtier's wasted coffers tell
What splendours blaz'd on that eventful night
But when at length it dawn'd, that wish'd-for day,
Exhausted Beauty, with her toils oppress,
Scarce gaz'd with pleasure on the bright array
In which she view'd her radiant graces dress'd.

But thoughts far diff'rent from the festal train
Usurp the hearts of one fond, gentle pair;
To *them* this pageantry and pomp how vain,
Who the calm joys of mild affection share;
Now—in each other blest—at length remov'd
Each torturing doubt, each sick'ning, trembling fear—
Which their firm, faithful hearts so long had prov'd,
Thro' many an anxious, many a hopeful year;
Fain would they fly the court and seek the shade,
Where Truth and Friendship in retirement dwell;
Where the false courtier's voice can ne'er invade,
With flatt'ry skill'd, to veil his malice well—
Where poison lurks not 'neath th' insidious smile,
Nor the glad welcome lures the trusting heart;
Where candour need not dread the traitor's wile,
Who scatters honey whilst he points the dart.

Here—soft sultanas, with the turban'd brow,
In silent languishment the hours beguile;
There—Cleopatra, at her galley's prow,
Seeks to allure a royal lover's smile—
Conscious of Beauty's all-attractive sway,
In spangled robe upon a couch reclin'd,
Th' Egyptian queen would fain her charms display,
In silken chains new Antonies to bind.
Beneath the regal canopy of state
A sea-born goddess, rising from her shell,
Reveals a brow where England's crown hath sate,
Whilst her attendant Nereids round her dwell!
There Clifford knelt, for wit and taste renown'd,
And Jonson's "Lucy," Bedford's countess gay—
There, with her raven locks that swept the ground,
Herbert's young bride, the lovely "Susan," lay.
But who is Hebe? bending 'neath the weight
Of sparkling gems, whilst borrow'd tints bespeak
Her charms are verging t'wards that doubtful state
When fades the rose on waning Beauty's cheek?

'Tis Suffolk!—She, who hath so vainly striv'n
Brave Percy's heart to move thro' many a year,
Till by his scorn—well nigh to madness driv'n—
She views with jealous hate a rival near—
A rival?—nay, her angry feelings lend
The partial veil, which aids their fond disguise;
She marks not Seymour—but she deems his friend
The slave confest of Arabella's eyes!
And now, within her rancorous bosom work
The passions of a heart which ne'er hath known
One gen'rous throb—where vicious feelings lurk—
And seek for solace in revenge alone!
Oh! how unlike that nobler soul, which now
She dares to sully with her love profane—
Which erst to honour's voice bade passion bow,
Lest *one* unhallow'd sigh his friendship stain!
Oh Suffolk! can thy worthless bosom claim
A sympathy with his—nor yet aspire
To catch one spark of that celestial flame
Which purifies the heart from earthly fire?

Can lost, degraded woman, sink so low,
She scorn to trim her lamp at Virtue's shrine,
Tho' the mild flames, which on her altars glow,
Burn with a radiance more than half divine?
Whilst nourish'd yet from that ethereal source,
Its steady light illumes her tranquil way;
That beacon out—she wanders from her course,
And, led by Folly, learns with Vice to stray!

Oh! Love is like the fabled garden seed,
Which blooms in grateful soils—a fragrant flow'r;
But springs to life—a rank and noxious weed,
If rashly sown within the wizard's bow'r.

Trembling with injured pride, now Suffolk turn'd,
Full on the youthful pair, her with'ring frown,
Resolv'd, whilst vengeance in her bosom burn'd,
To rouse anew the anger of the crown.

"Nay, madam," turning to the queen, she cries,
"Mark where that faithful pair together rove;
"'Tis strange my lord of Percy thus defies
"The censure pass'd so late upon their love!
"Still fondly doth he seem to urge his suit,
"And tho' she feign'd to disregard his pray'r,
"Those eyes the language of her lips refute,
"For well they promise to reward his care."

In many a strain like this, the willing ear
Of jealous majesty she strove to gain,
Until she rous'd too well the latent fear,
Which doom'd her victims to unmingled pain!

Alas, for Seymour! 'midst that glitt'ring maze
He dares not look on Arabella's brow,
But fears to meet her soft, her conscious gaze,
Lest it betray the links which bind them now.

He marks the blush upon that beauteous face,
Yet all distrustful, if his eyes but dwell
A moment on that form of timid grace,
Warm'd by a heart that long hath lov'd so well,
Trembling he turns from every youthful charm,
Whose mild attractive spells his bosom sway,
Lest but *one* glance his cautious heart disarm,
And its fond secret to the world betray.
For tho' his friendly zeal on Percy's head
Had drawn of late the royal censure down,
And all the jealous fears of envy fed;
Yet Seymour once had rous'd the monarch frown.
Oh! then it was, when rack'd with wild despair
The hopeless certainty their bosoms own'd,
That envious tyranny would scorn their prayer
In robes of icy majesty enthron'd—

They fondly deem'd, alas! with hope how vain,
That links, once sanction'd by an oath to Heav'n,
Must from her kinsman, James, some pity gain,
And, scarce confest, would be at once forgiv'n!
But oh! the heart, where, in an evil hour,
Despotic rule hath fix'd its iron sway,
Yields to the craving appetite for pow'r,
Till, chang'd to flint, its pulse and life decay.
Unmov'd, 'twill watch its writhing victim near,
Unpitying gaze, where tears of blood shall flow,
Wrung from the tortur'd breast—whose groans appear
To rise from depths of agonizing woe!

But scarce to Shrewsbury's fond maternal care
Had Percy now his lovely charge resign'd—
Than, all unconscious of the impending snare,
Which Suffolk seeks around his path to wind,

As, idly saunt'ring thro' the halls he went,
He mark'd a Turkish slave, whose gaze intent
Now watch'd his footsteps—and now onward
past—
And now again strange furtive glances cast,
As tho' some doubtful purpose unreveal'd—
Some myst'ry lay beneath that brow conceal'd.
At length, as Percy from that gaudy scene
Turn'd to depart, with dark suspicious mien
The oriental stranger eager prest
For audience, and by doubtful hints exprest
His secret tale had wherewithal to move
Each latent spring of glory, fear, or love!
But brief was Percy's answer—and his glance
Repuls'd with cold reserve the slave's advance—
The scroll he spurn'd—and with forbidding air
Turn'd from the Turk—who linger'd speechless
there,

In chill surprise—for never till this hour
His heart had quail'd beneath Opinion's pow'r—
But awe-struck now, beneath that haughty gaze,
Which seem'd to censure his half-utter'd phrase,
He marvell'd how that dignified address
His wonted confidence could thus repress.

Bred in a court where cold Suspicion reign'd,
Percy had learnt the art so rarely gain'd,
To stand aloof amidst the intriguing crowd,
And force reluctant homage from the proud!
Twas not in vain that pure and lofty soul
Had learnt its master passion to control;
From that fierce struggle he triumphant rose,
To serve his friends—and to unmask his foes.
He sought no followers 'midst the courtly train,
For pow'r to him was valueless and vain!
Yet many a meaner heart and vulgar breast
His proud pre-eminence of mind confest!

But now—the masque is o'er—on Shrewsbury's
breast
Fond Arabella pours her soul's complaint;
Whilst Seymour's heart, by new alarms oppress
Thus strives the passion of his soul to paint.

Seymour's Letter to Arabella.

"Belov'd! I dare not come; that fatal brow,
"Which ever bodes us ill, is on thee now!
"Oh! mark'd ye not *her* glance—whose with'ring
blight
"Still threatens death where'er its poisons light
"Fix'd on my own belov'd with ardent gaze,
"As tho' prepar'd her venom'd sting to raise,
"And do the viper's work of deadly ill,
"She wants the pow'r t' effect, but not the will.

"She hates thee; yes! the gulf that lies betwixt
"Virtue and Vice—'tween thee and Suffolk fix'd—
"Fain would her heart o'erleap, to snatch the prey
"Whose spotless purity defies her sway!
"Oh Heavens! to think thy chaste and gentle heart
"Should still be doom'd to dread that woman's art!
"Oh! but for *her*—methinks—I fain could meet
"The monarch's wrath, yea, kneeling at his feet,
"Could fearless own, this heart—by Love opprest—
"Had sought and found a haven in thy breast;
"And from our *kinsman*, James, forgiveness crave
"(Appealing from the *king*, I durst to brave),
"If, by thy heav'nly charms my soul was driv'n
"To wing its bold aspiring flight to heav'n!
"Oh! it will turn my brain!—so new to bliss,
"What mortal heart could bear a fate like this!
"Tho' link'd in wedlock, doom'd unblest to rove
"Far from the sunshine of thy hallow'd love!

" Have I not sworn, my own, my gentle bride,
" Never thro' life to wander from thy side?
" Heav'n heard that oath, and say, shall kings
have pow'r
" To burst the chains that link'd us in that hour?
" Oh! for that lowly fate, where hearts may love
" Securely blest, as in the realms above,
" Where peaceful joys their blissful moments
crown,
" Far from the tyrant's and the courtier's frown.
" Farewell! my best belov'd, may slumbers sweet
" Beguile thy sorrows, till again we meet;
" May guardian spirits watch around thy head,
" Their peaceful visions o'er thy dreams to shed.
" Still in my thoughts thy soft enchantments
dwell,
" And round me weave their mild illusive spell!
" Still in my waking hours thy form I see,
" Or if my eyelids close, I dream of thee!

"Thy sweet and pensive smile is on me still:
"Once more farewell! these eyes with tear-drops
fill!
"Percy, the faithful friend, severely tried
"Thro' many a year, is ling'ring by my side—
"He, to whose gen'rous friendship yet I owe
"Whate'er of bliss this aching heart may know,
"Will to my fetter'd dove this scroll convey—
"Oh! that her Seymour's pen had power to say
"What pangs—what bitter pangs—the husband
proves,
"Who pines in absence from the bride he loves."

The Arrest.

Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade—
A fire which ev'ry windy passion blows—
With pride it mounts—and with revenge it glows.

Dryden

Blithesome at morn, the village maiden sings,
With lightsome heart, goes forth her task to pl
Whilst eve's returning shades her shepherd bring
To greet the hallow'd home he need not fly.
Fond Arabella! had thy heart been doom'd
To tread the round of calm domestic bliss,
A mild and fragrant flow'r thou long hadst bloom'
Nor ever sigh'd for loftier joys than this!

Alas! how oft, by Destiny misplac'd,
Our bosoms pine in some unfitting sphere!
The breast, whose shrinking virtues well had grac'd
A tranquil home, is doom'd its course to steer
'Midst stirring elements and scenes of strife;
Whilst oft the active frame, whose loftier soul
Sighs for the nobler energies of life,
And scorns the irksome yoke—the tame control,
The tedious, dull monotony of rest—
Is doom'd in solitude to droop, or waste
Beneath the smoth'rings of its fate opprest,
That fire, which bravely had each peril fac'd!

The morn shines bright and clear—yet many a sigh
Heaves from *one* gentle breast, and many a tear
The flowing fountains of that heart supply;
Now cheer'd by Hope, and now subdued by Fear,

Where, sad and fearful, Arabella's eyes
Are fix'd in silence on that postern gate,
Through which her Seymour, ever in disguise,
So oft hath past, to soothe her fears of late;
And now, her fond impatience to beguile,
She seiz'd her lute — whilst negligently stray'
Her hands the strings among, as with a smile
That more of sorrow than of mirth betray'd,
She sang the lines which Percy's pen had trac'd
When late he turn'd him to his home again,
Lines, which soft Pity's tear-drop half effac'd,
To think that gen'rous heart had sigh'd in vain

Song.

"The bud which blooms in Passion's bow'r
"Is arm'd with many a thorn,
"Which oft, in some unguarded hour,
"Its wearer's breast hath torn!

"But Friendship's harmless rose hath pow'r
"A soothing balm t' impart,
"Which heals the wounds that passion's flow'r
"Leaves rankling in the heart!"

But scarce her song was ended, when her ear
Strange sounds hath caught, and soon with breathless speed
Fond Shrewsbury seeks her with a look of fear.
Oh! on that lofty brow her eyes may read
The gloomy presage of her dark'ning fate!
Their hour is come!—the fatal secret known!
Convinc'd of treason—traitors to the state—
Their sever'd hearts are doom'd to weep alone!
Arm'd with the royal signet, Parry came
To plunge a hapless wife in deepest woe!
Oh! in this hour, for *one* she dare not name,
Not for herself, those burning tear-drops flow.

Vain were it now to seek that hour to paint,
When, wrung with agony, her spirit sunk;
As Parry—touch'd with grief—in accents faint
Announc'd the jailor's task from which he shrunk.
Yes! words were pow'rless all—the tears to speak,
Which show'ring fell on faithful Shrewsbury's breast,
The parting scene to trace, when that soft cheek
To marble turn'd, and swoon'd in transient rest!
Ere noon, to sate revengeful Suffolk's pride,
'Neath Lambeth's gloom, lorn Arabella pin'd;
Whilst faithful Seymour, sever'd from his bride,
The royal mandate to the Tow'r consign'd!

Alas! too well that slave had Suffolk serv'd,
When ling'ring watchful Percy's steps around,
He mark'd alone, what none beside observ'd,
How long ere dawn, on Seymour's mission bound,

To execute his friend's behest he flew,
And left the tender scroll at Shrewsbury's gate;
Beneath whose roof, one faithful breast he knew,
With keen impatience for those lines must wait.
But never did her fond and eager gaze
Rest with delight on that love-breathing page.
Far other eyes were doom'd in wild amaze
A tale to read, which fir'd their glance with rage;
For, ere that portal clos'd—ere on the ear,
The sound of Percy's steps retreating died,
The Countess' wily emissary near,
The magic force of *Spanish* gold had tried.
Alas! too oft had Suffolk prov'd the pow'r
Which lurk'd beneath the rich doubloon of Spain,
When Philip's coffers in an evil hour
Taught British peers the sordid love of gain.

And now triumphantly he bends his way,
Where, home return'd from the bright dazzling masque,
Suffolk impatient waits the break of day,
To learn how that dark slave perform'd his task.
But when her wond'ring eyes that page survey'd,
Which the fond lover's secret links reveal,
Those lines which Seymour's bitter scorn betray'd
And the deep mystery of Percy's zeal,
Breathless she sank, and scarce had power to wave
Her hand in signal to depart; but now,
Mast'ring her weakness, lest the hireling slave
Should mark the tempest gath'ring on her brow.
She spake a brief approval of the deed,
And soon dismiss'd the minion of her power.
Then, when unwatch'd, her heart was left to bleed,
Oh! who shall paint the tumult of that hour,

The crowd of strong emotions which contend
Within that breast, which vengeance cannot
sate,
Nor love nor fear can tame, nor pity bend—
At once the slave of Passion and of Hate!
That sallow cheek, with borrow'd hues o'erspread,
That sunken eye, in which unwonted fire
Glar'd like a lamp suspended o'er the dead,
Seem'd but ill suited with her vain attire!
For still, in Hebe's festive robe array'd,
Thick blushing garlands round her brows en-
twin'd,
Vain was that mask of Innocence to shade
The time-worn traces of the guilty mind!
But oh! too painful was the fearful strife,
When thought resum'd her empire o'er that soul;
Reflection madden'd o'er her wasted life,
Yet her sear'd conscience proudly scorn'd control.

She could not bear th' intolerable yoke
Of dull inaction; but would fain inspire
To deeds of energy, and still invoke
Some demon's aid her languid breast to fire.
Nor vain her pray'rs, for Malice at her voice
Suggests the scheme which bids her heart rejoice.
Thus Suffolk left not long her heart a prey
To the strange weakness of this hour's dismay:
One plot had fail'd!—She mourn'd not—for she knew
Beneath its ruin surer vengeance grew;
And Phœnix-like, another hope arose,
To crush the triumph of her hated foes.

With quick resolve, the royal ear she sought,—
And there, so well on jealous feelings wrought,
That ere the sun illum'd the eastern heav'n,
The council met—the royal word was given;

And Parry, nam'd within that hall of state,
To bear the tidings of her dismal fate,
To *one*, whose crime the name of treason bor
Because she lov'd, as few have lov'd before;
Whilst *he*, who rous'd that flame within her br
Is doom'd to languish in the Tow'r—unblest!

The Captives.

Cease, ev'ry joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, oh! leave the light of Hope behind.
What though my winged hours of bliss have been
Like angel visits, few and far between;
Her musing mood shall ev'ry pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to pl

Cam

Arabella's Letter to Seymour.

" And is it o'er?—that troubled dream of bli
" Have years of faithful love but come to thi
" Is Heav'n all pow'rless?—and have oath
force
" To stay the tyrant's unrelenting course?
" How oft, whilst gazing on a husband's eye
" My heart hath all forgot its miseries!

"The fond assurance of that tender smile
"Could ev'ry fear, could ev'ry care beguile;
"But now, with none to cheer, with none to bless,
"Forlorn, and sunk in utter wretchedness,
"Remembrance e'en augments my bitter pain,
"Recalling days I ne'er must know again!
"Oh! deadlier far the pangs which wedded love
"Beneath a tyrant's with'ring frown must prove,
"Than e'en the griefs, which rend the maiden heart,
"If, doom'd by Fate from Love and Hope to part!
"*That*, like the flow'r that springs all wild and fair,
"That ne'er hath known the shelt'ring hot-house care,
"Tho' many a show'r its tender leaves may fill,
"Can brave the boist'rous hour, and flourish still!
"The slender twig upon the mountain rock
"Which bears thro' many a year the tempest's shock,

" Bends to the gale; yet, spite the wintry storm
" Still rears unharm'd its light elastic form.
" Tho' rude, tho' fierce the blast, it feels it less
" Doom'd from its birth to bloom in loneliness
" But oh! the faithful *wife*, who once hath been
" Blest by a heart, on which her own could lean
" Who once hath prov'd the bliss, calm yet intense
" Which springs from blended love and confidence
" When, rudely sever'd by a pow'rful grasp
" From all her deep affections lov'd to clasp,
" Droops like the tendrils of the widow'd vine
" Torn from the column they were wont to twine
" Is there *no* hope, my Seymour? Can it be
" That Heav'n approves this reckless tyranny?
" Oh! no—I feel 'twill come—that blessed hour
" When chain'd no more beneath a despot's power
" 'Twill be our fond, our blissful fate to roam,
" And seek 'neath brighter skies some happy
home,

"Where faithful hearts, to love and virtue giv'n,
"May bask beneath th' approving smiles of Heav'n!
"But *thou* art ill, they say;—alas! *I* find
"How the weak frame still sinks beneath the mind.
"But, Seymour, for the love of Heav'n and me,
"Oh! let not sorrow work such ill to thee!
"Still thou art mine! each other hope is flown;
"This yet remains—Yes!—thou art mine alone!
"When Rachel wept, her children were no more;
"Whilst life remains, fate may our bliss restore!
"Full many a heart hath known such keen distress,
"Whom gracious Heav'n hath deign'd at length
to bless.
"Perchance *too* blest had been *her* fate thro' life,
"Who claim'd to live thy fond and loving wife!"

Meanwhile those minions of the upper air,
To whom dark Policy assign'd the care

To guard each avenue to James's heart,
Firm at their posts perform'd their varied pa
Whilst Pride congeal'd the life-blood in his v
Despotic Pow'r prepar'd the awful chains
Which circle majesty, whilst tyrant sway,
With brandish'd weapon, kept Remorse at b
Thus at the royal feet when Percy knelt,
No trace of feeling in the monarch dwelt:
Vainly he sought, by every softer claim
Compassion wakes at hapless Beauty's nam
Which e'en from Justice, Mercy yet would w
To melt the sterner bosom of the king!
Vainly he urg'd—tho' from the sov'reign's b
Kind soothing Pity be condemn'd to fly,
A kinsman's heart might lend it shelter now
To chase the tear from Arabella's eye!
But pray'rs and tears alike he vainly tried,
To chase distrust, or conquer selfish pride.

What recks the king of that fond youthful pair?
If subjects err, why should the monarch spare?
If Seymour pine a captive in the Tow'r,
Why did the lover brave the sov'reign's pow'r?
If Lambeth's cloisters fill the fair with gloom,
Why did she rashly seek her threaten'd doom?
No hope of lenity with James remains—
Their crime was treason—and its guerdon, chains!

Now, day by day, fond Arabella droops,
Pallid and chang'd; yet mov'd by Love she stoops,
In humble pray'r, in calm submissive tone,
To sue for mercy at her kinsman's throne!

Arabella's Petition to the King.

"Most gracious Sire!—most great and noble K
"With tears of penitence and heartfelt gri
"My sorrows to the royal throne I bring,
"In all humility to crave relief!—

"Had noble Seymour, or thy suppliant, dee
"Their wedded love could wound thy royal h
"Thy faithful subjects ne'er an hour had dre
"To act a lawless and rebellious part.

"Nay, Sire!—how could my trusting heart con
"That 'twere a crime with him I lov'd to
"When but so late had pass'd that gracious l
"Which all our hopes and fondest wishes

"Methinks I hear those blessed accents still,
"Which fell like sunbeams o'er my clouded fate,
"Which left my hand and heart to choose at will
"Their lord! amidst the subjects of the state!
"But if this fond and yielding heart hath err'd—
"Oh! let thy royal grace and mercy prove
"*Her* sighs and pray'rs have not been all unheard—
"Whose fault was weakness, while its cause was Love!
"Should Malice hint—'twere wise those hearts to sever,
"Which join'd by Heav'n before the altar stood;
"I feel—I know—thy princely heart could never
"So harshly deal with *one* so near in blood?

"Could Reason's whisper reach the royal ear,
"And Mercy's hand the sword of Justice sheathe;
"Then, guiltless would thy hapless slaves appear,
"Who crave but in thy fav'ring smiles to breathe!"

But vain alike are Arabella's pray'rs,
Brave Percy's zeal, or Seymour's mournful sighs;
Suffolk alone the royal favour shares,
Whose jealous hate is arm'd with Argus' eyes.
Reclin'd on Shrewsbury's breast, full many a day,
Lorn Arabella pin'd 'neath Lambeth's gloom;
Her heart was where her lord in fetters lay,
Her eye grew dim, and fled her roseate bloom!

Despite their hapless state, still Suffolk thought
Their lot too blest, who own'd a mutual flame;
And with remorseless vengeance still she sought
For harsher measures some pretence to frame!

Too well she sought—too well, alas! she found
The proof she wish'd, to work them deeper woe;
Now fast and thick, fly hatred's shafts around,
To rob them of the little bliss they know!
For oh! ere long, she learns, in evil hour,
How Shrewsb'ry's care can many a secret hide;
Whilst Percy soothes the pris'ner in the Tow'r,
And bears his letters to his widow'd bride!

The monarch once arous'd—ill brook'd delay—
The weeping wife, the victim of the state,
Fore'd from her fev'rish couch at dawn of day,
Bewails the clouds, which darken o'er her fate!
Tow'rds Durham's cloister'd walls, though faint and ill,
By ruthless keepers in a litter borne,
Her dreary route to trace, scarce breathing still,
Northward she turn'd, upon that fatal morn!

But scarce escap'd from where the bustling town
Pour'd forth its busy crowds—a motley sight—
They reach the spot, where rural villas crown
With verdant luxury the neighbouring height,
With sudden faintness seiz'd, her trembling frame
Such fearful signs of dire disease betray,
Her awe-struck jailers from the monarch claim
A transient respite—e'en a month's delay.
But, fir'd with anger, James relentless cried—
"As I am king!—by Heav'n! ye shall proceed;
"To Durham shall ye bear th' impatient bride,
"Whose restless spirit doth her sickness feed."
But oh! that languid pulse, disturb'd and weak,
That cheek all pale and wan, that heavy brow,
Their tale of sickly woe too clearly speak,
Till conquering Fear compels e'en Pride to bow.
Yet still reluctantly to Parry's pray'r,
He grants the wretched bride a brief repose;
Lest, worn with anguish, rack'd with fond despair,
The drooping captive sink beneath her woes!

Fulgaining a stock within that hamlet drear
She languish'd on 'neath fever's burning pain;
Still youth had pow'r to vanquish ev'ry fear,
And raise her from her sleepless couch again!
But scarcely now returning signs of life
Had chas'd compassion from the monarch's breast,
When, to renew each agonizing strife,
—Her jailer came, to state the king's behest.
No further respite would his mercy lend,
Despite those tears, despite that fev'rish glow;
To-morrow's dawn must mark her footsteps bend
To Durham's walls, to crown his victim's woe!

The Interview.

My raven steed shall bear my love away,
And Heav'n must guard us thro' the desperate day;
But now time presses—for an hour we part—
Then part no more.— *The Moor.*

MEANWHILE, despair hath seiz'd on Seymour's breast,
His gentle love, sick, drooping, and alone;
What heart, with woman's trusting fondness blest,
Could tamely yield to this, ere chang'd to stone?
A lover's tenderness, a husband's claim,
Alike forbid—the dungeon laws are vain—
The warder's heart relents,—and who shall blame
If pity once a jailer's bosom gain?

Yes! Seymour's agony had pow'r to move
A breast, inur'd to ev'ry shade of woe,
Whether deep mis'ry's groan or hapless love,
Or guilty terrors, bade the tear to flow.
There breath'd such fervour in his ardent pray'r—
Such eloquence upon his accents hung:
There was a magic in his wild despair,
Which e'en the warder's soul with softness wrung.
At his command the treble bolts unclose,
And bars of iron own Compassion's pow'r;
Whilst Seymour's beating heart within him glows,
As his freed footsteps bear him from the Tow'r—
That grave of Hope! that cradle of Despair!
That dismal dungeon, where, through many a day,
His heart had wrestled with its with'ring care,
Unsheen'd by Heav'n's exhilarating ray.

And now, he greets his bride in prison'd bow'r!
Oh! *this* sweet blissful hour hath all repaid
The torturing moments, when a despot's pow'r
Had nearly clos'd in death the wounds he made.
How sweet to those, whose hearts have deeply quaff'd
Of mis'ry's cup, if from the crystal stream,
The limpid fount of bliss, one cooling draught
Their thirst assuage, and chase grief's troubled dream!

And soon his daring project is reveal'd—
One long indulg'd, yet still from all conceal'd—
Save *one*, whose trusty zeal and watchful care
Will aid their flight, and all their dangers share.
"And now, belov'd!" he cries, "say, wilt thou fly,
"And with thy Seymour seek some happier sky?
"Doth thy weak drooping frame yet own the pow'r
"To face the perils of this desp'rate hour?"—

"Oh, Seymour! canst thou doubt—my own—my
lov'd—
"That I will fly with *thee?*—Tho' fiercely prov'd,
"This woman's breast shall own no trembling fear,
"Shall brave e'en death! if but *thine* arm be near.
"Where'er *thou* leadest, I will follow still;
"Chain'd to *thy* side, my heart shall mock at ill:
"The darkest tempests of the wintry night
"Shall seem to me as summer days of light;
"The gath'ring storm may low'r, the sun may shine,
"'Tis all alike to fondness deep as mine!
"To see—to hear—to love and worship thee—
"To know thee mine—is bliss enough for me!
"Gladly I'll serve thee on some distant shore,
"Where hearts may own the idol they adore!
"But haste, oh! haste!" she cried; "the sun is
high;
"The moments press, and jealous foes are nigh:

"Haste to the river side; our bark prepare;
"The setting sun shall guide my footsteps thereto.
"Meanwhile, our flight to veil, my words shall
feign,
"With cautious charge, to urge my faithful train,
"That nought be wanting at the break of day
"To speed me northward on my dreary way.
"At dawn—Oh rapture!—when I think on this
"My brain turns giddy with its dream of bliss!"—
She said—whilst Seymour with affection prest
His lovely partner to his faithful breast;
One ling'ring smile upon his bride he cast—
Then vanish'd from her bow'r, and onward past!

Calm and resign'd doth Arabella seem
To meet her fate, whilst those around her deem
Th' unwonted peace, her heart appears to know,
Springs from the fatal certainty of woe;

And that each dream dispell'd, that warm'd her
breast,
It owns the torpor of lethargic rest!
But from a deeper source her calmness rose,
Nor fear nor doubt her faithful bosom knows;
Love bids her heart to Hope and Seymour cling,
Plans his bold flight, and plumes his daring wing.

The Second Court of Policy.

Lo! the spell now works around thee
And the clankless chain hath bound thee,
O'er thy heart and brain together,
Hath the word been pass'd—now wither!

Manfred

Meanwhile the gloomy spirits of the sky
Are summon'd to their sov'reign's court on hi
Where—feebly resting on her broken wing,
Whilst her attendant imps around her cling
To aid her crooked flight—relentless still,
The limping demon thus declares her will—
" Aerial pow'rs, that swell my motley train,
" Not unapprov'd by me—nor all in vain,

"Have been your efforts at the court below—
"Yet *Love*, triumphant, bends th' unerring bow,
"Aims at his victims with a scornful smile,
"And waves his torch, to mock my pow'rless guile,
"And link'd with *Friendship*—that presumptuous slave,
"Whose stubborn will presumes my wrath to brave,
"Hath burst the chains in this eventful hour,
"Forg'd for his followers by my rival pow'r;
"And now 'twill need my unremitting care,
"Within my toils t' entrap the flying pair,
"And lead them to their dungeon walls again—
"O'er *Love* a lasting triumph to obtain!
"With double guard must *Jealousy* and *Fear*
"Proceed to gain the British monarch's ear;
"And dark *Suspicion*, at the council board,
"Inspire with keen distrust each trembling lord,
"Till dire alarms suggest the prompt resolve,
"That shall in lasting pain their fates involve.

" This done, their shortliv'd reign of hope is o'
" And the fond pair will meet on earth no mo
" For whilst the mem'ry of that parting smile
" May serve their dungeon sorrows to beguile,
" The eyes that met in that last look of love,
" Shall only meet again in realms above!
" Thus, shall the hated race of Stuart learn
" How vain each strife, my dauntless wrath to spu
" That wrath — which first was kindled on the
" When Scotland's Steward own'd the Bru
sway—
" And spite the aid which my devoted slave,
" The British Edward, to his rival gave;
" Whilst *Love* on Walter's prospects gaily smil
" He link'd him with 'the Bruce's' only child
" And thus their offspring claim'd, as David's h
" The Bruce's crown and Scotland's throne to sh
" Then first — resolv'd on vengeance — I essay
" To summon *Love's* soft passion to my aid,

"Till feeble David, caught in Beauty's toil,
"Had a plebeian bride their hopes to foil—
"And Margaret Logie's charms and high renown,
"Made Stuart tremble for his future crown!
"But treach'rous *Love* soon fled the monarch's
breast;
"And then, with arch triumphant smiles confest,
"*He* urg'd the solemn act, which bade them part,
"*His* only aim to triumph o'er *my* art.
"Then Stuart, rising on the queen's disgrace,
"Soon fill'd, at David's death, his vacant place;
"Whilst my disdainful rival flew to greet,
"And lay his quiver at the Stuart's feet.
"'Twas then I vow'd with solemn oath to wage
"Eternal war with *Love*, from age to age,
"To watch the wily tempter from afar—
"With unrelenting zeal his schemes to mar—
"To doom each scion of that hated line,
"Each tender shoot that with its branches twine,

"To share my vengeful ire, and rue the hour
"When *Love* first sought to trample on my pow'
"Eight of their monarchs, victims of my hate,
"By me were doom'd to an untimely fate!
"The last nor *Love*, nor Beauty's bloom could sav
"From *my* revengeful arm—*I* dug her grave
"*I* rous'd the jealous fears of England's queen
"Still urg'd by *me*, she closed the tragic scene;
"*I* rais'd the murd'rous axe—whilst Mary's bl
"Was water'd by my humbled rival's tear.
"Nor from my wrath had James till now escap'
"But that his course by my direction shap'd;
"His flinty bosom cas'd in cold disdain,
"*Love* spreads the snare, and points the shaft in vai
"But marks with surer aim that softer pair,
"Whose daring flight now claims your watchful car
bn.
"Haste, then, ye faithful servants of my will,
"This last momentous embassy fulfil!

"Around my struggling victims weave the net,
"That *Policy* may rise triumphant yet—
"That *one*, at least, entangled in my toil,
"May pine a captive on her native soil;
"That Arabella's heart may feel the blight,
"And on a Stuart still my curse alight.
"Whilst two long centuries of wrath shall prove
"Th' insatiate malice which I bear to *Love!*
"Nor can the struggles past my efforts tire—
"Still to new triumphs doth my heart aspire—
"Whilst all its latent springs of hate combine
"To wreak my vengeance on the Stuart line.
"Each will I doom in turn some grief to share—
"For *one*, the scaffold and the block prepare;
"One royal wand'rer, still compell'd to fly,
"Shall roam disguis'd beneath his native sky;
"And *one* in exile pine his years away,
"Chas'd from a throne that courts a kinsman's sway,

" Till ev'ry scion of that royal race
" Have drunk the dregs of mis'ry and disgra

As now she ceas'd, the spirits of the air
Spread their dark wings, and to their posts re
But as tow'rds earth their dusky flight they t
The sun, obscur'd, refus'd its light to lend,
Whilst Britain mark'd th' eclipse with keen al
And deem'd the sudden night portended har

The Escape.

Oh! haste—the bark that bore me hither,
Can waft us o'er yon dark'ning sea,
East—west—alas! I care not whither,
So thou art safe—and I with thee!

* * * * * *

On some calm, blessed shore we'll dwell,
Where 'tis no crime to love too well.

Moore.

: noontide heat within that hamlet reign'd,
ere sorrow's sickness had the bride detain'd,
en from the op'ning portal slowly came,
' cloth'd in man's attire, a trembling frame,
ich lean'd all feebly on a stouter arm,
t seem'd to promise aid—to soothe alarm!

A cloak of sable hue was round him cast—
Long locks he wore—and as the gate he pas
Some deem'd the youth, with rapier at his si
A semblance bore to that young sickly bride
Whose hapless fate had rous'd the pitying si
Of many an honest breast that wander'd by.
The peasant, ling'ring still her tale to hear,
From his rough eyelid dash'd the rising tear
The rudest clown, the gentlest maiden there,
Bewail'd the sorrows of the captive fair!
Whate'er her fault—it boots not them to kn
They saw her young—a woman—and in wo

As onward pass'd that youth—so faint he se
His step so feeble—his companion deem'd
He scarce would reach the sorry postern ga
Where now, with swiftest steeds, attendants
And as with zeal the ready hostler flew
To the weak horseman's aid, his marvel grev

A frame so slight should hold a heart so bold,
To curb a fiery steed with trembling hold!
But as he mov'd—*He!*—why this vain disguise?
Beneath that sable hat beam'd woman's eyes!
Whilst *Love*, whose pow'r the stoutest bosom bends,
E'en now, unwonted strength to weakness lends.
Beneath that cloak, a heart with grief opprest,
Had touch'd with pity e'en her jailer's breast!
And *one* attendant gain'd—to him reveal'd
The daring, desperate scheme, till now conceal'd,
That faithful heart had sworn her flight to aid,
Tho' life he forfeit—for *her* freedom paid.

Flush'd by her courser's rough and rapid pace,
The rushing blood comes mantling o'er her face;
Still, on she rides, full many a weary mile,
Each pang assuag'd by Hope's delusive smile;
And when they reach the boat—prepar'd for flight—
How high that bosom throbs with prospects bright!

She views the Thames in graceful beauty glide
Between its banks—whilst on its glassy breast,
Laden with countless treasures—navies ride,
That Commerce still may bloom—Britannia's guest!
Now swiftly speeds her bark along the stream,
Awhile—the oars fatigued—their toil give o'er—
Calm on the waters fall the moonlight gleam,
Glancing on ev'ry roof that lines the shore!
Again, the weary boatmen now prepare,
Lur'd by a golden bait, their oars to ply;
Whilst many a gentle sigh, and many a pray'r,
Bid the light dancing bark still onward fly;
And when at length it dawn'd—the wish'd-for day—
Her eager glance a distant sail descried.
Yes! 'twas the flag of France—and there it lay—
Awaiting Seymour and his royal bride!

Now, on its deck she stands, with beating pulse,
And marvels much why still her lord delays;
Whilst hope and fear her quiv'ring frame convulse,
As ev'ry passing boat arrests her gaze!

Fain would her fond attendants calm her grief,
And urge her flight—tho' Seymour be not there!
She spurns the thought—her heart disdains relief—
She can but hearken to her own despair!
The wind blows fresh and fair, the billows rise,
And many a gallant vessel seaward flies.
Again they kneel around her—and again
They urge the peril of delay, in vain!
Weeping, she cries—"If Seymour be not free,
"E'en life itself is valueless to me!
"If *he* must linger in a dungeon's gloom,
"Then welcome fetters, and an early tomb!"
But soon with keen suspense, and fears opprest,
She sinks—she faints—upon her handmaid's breast.

And now, the captain's eager voice prevails,
They heave the anchor—and they hoist the sail
The bark skims lightly o'er the foaming seas,
The swelling sails invite the fresh'ning breeze.

Oh! who shall tell the agony—the tears—
Which wring her breast, and from her eyel
flow,
As life returns but to revive her fears,
And wake her soul to consciousness of woe!
The light of hope is gone! and scarce a gleam
Yet lives to cheer life's dark and troubled drea
Its latest rays were glimm'ring on the shore,
But sunk beneath the wave—to rise no more

The Privy Council.

Tyrant! that widow'd heart with thine had been
In joy and grief through many a childish scene,
Those ties, first — latest — cherish'd — in such hour,
Had claims like these no wrath-assuaging pow'r?

The Moor.

What means this stir within the palace gate?
Why frowns the monarch on his throne of state?
The privy council meet — the court is there —
To sit in judgment on the guilty fair!
The trembling peers, with dread alarms o'ercome,
Stand breathless round, in wild amazement dumb.
Too well, alas! are Policy's commands
Once more obey'd by her aerial bands;

Rage, Fear, and Jealousy have now combin'd
To haunt and irritate the royal mind,
Whilst dark Suspicion, keen Distrust, and Pride
Triumphant at the council board preside.
These imps of mischief round the members wait,
To guide the progress of the fierce debate;
With dark mysterious hints new terrors raise,
Till fancy sees anew the faggot blaze;
Visions of martyrs float before her eyes,
And traitors seem on ev'ry side to rise!

Prince Henry e'en hath caught the infection dire
Shudd'ring he listens to his royal sire,
Who tells of perils hov'ring o'er the land,
And Spanish plots — devis'd by Treason's hand!

Next Suffolk spake — with all that rage possest
The wife had kindled in the husband's breast,
Of Seymour's birth — of Arabella's claim —
And bade his sov'reign think on Catesby's name

On all the plots of Cobham and of Grey;
And how he fear'd the throne would rue the day,
Which thus had seen the untam'd pigeon fly.
The crime was treason, of the blackest dye.
And much he urg'd anon, 'twere wise in kings,
Who harbour'd doves, to clip their wanton wings.

Scarce had he ceas'd, when lo! with hurried tread
Arriv'd the guard—and soon the news was spread,
Despite the prison bolts—the bars—the chain—
Seymour had fled—and ev'ry search was vain!

Now Salisbury fir'd, that anti-papal peer,
Tho' calm in speech, alive to ev'ry fear,
Lest perils dark brood evil to the state!
Still on his manly brow defiance sate,
E'en as he rose in haste t' advise the throne,
To conch displeasure in a loftier tone—

Too soon, alas! 'twas Shrewsbury's fate to
That truth sounds strangely in a monarch'
For ere the morning dawn'd, despotic pow
Consign'd its dauntless victim to the Tow'

The Capture.

No!—hapless pair—you've look'd your last—
Your hearts should both have broken then—
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Moore.

E tossing bark, by boist'rous gales opprest,
rce heaves as high as Arabella's breast.
ne and mournful on the deck she stands,
· looks aghast! and firmly clasp'd her hands;
· locks are streaming in the rising breeze,
eyes are straining o'er the troubled seas.
il appears—but now the waves anew,
g between, conceal it from her view;

Breathless with hope, her bosom owns no fear,
Tho' murm'ring gales announce the tempest near;
She, who would tremble once if o'er the glass
Of ocean's breast a shadowy cloud should pass,
Now dead to all, but Seymour and her love,
Defies the depths below, the skies above!
Again, again, a nearer glimpse she gains;
Oh! who may tell what prize that bark contains!
Mark well her flag—who stands upon her prow?
That white, that dazzling sail has hail'd them now.
'Tis he! 'tis he! then farewell fears and strife!
He comes at last, and I am blest for life!
Once more, exhausted with her bliss intense,
She sinks, the victim of suspended sense!

Why did she ever rouse her from that trance,
To learn the depths of agonizing woe?
Why did a mocking dream of bliss enhance
The waking misery her soul must know?

No lover's arm her fainting form shall shield;
Alas! no friendly brow is there reveal'd!
Nay, Cecil's orders but too well obey'd,
Swift was the chase that eager pinnace made;
The flying Frenchman crowds his sails in vain,
And nobly strives the combat to maintain;
Till, pierc'd with shot, compell'd to strike at last,
The flag of France deserts her shiver'd mast!
To board her now the British tars prepare,
Whilst shouts of "James and England" rend the air!

Oh! 'twas a fearful sound had pow'r to move
Those senses steep'd in visionary love!
The battle strife—the cannon's deaf'ning roar—
The flash!—the shock!—the shout!—great Heav'n!
'tis o'er!
But oh! where is she now? what faces strange
Are fix'd on hers? "What means this fearful
change?

"Will ye not speak? Why that triumphant
"Will none reply? Oh! this hath pow'r t
"My wilder'd brain!" Now, worn by ruthle
Again she droops;—her handmaids round h
And long they vainly strive that pulse to v
Her eyes are glaz'd! convulsive tremours
Her cold and stiff'ning limbs; forth burst
Hysteric laugh—her features strangely su
Till, from her burning lids, a show'r of tea
Rekindled sense, to double all her fears!

Then, raging fiercely thro' her breast and
Rush'd all the fearful host of varied pain—
Terror—suspense—crush'd hopes—and wi
care,
All dark'ning came, to centre in despair!
Ere long they land her at her dungeon ga
Where shouts of triumph crown the suff'rer
They bear her to the dark and dismal gaol
She breathes no plaint, but marks the rising

One thought alone hath pow'r her heart to move—
Is Seymour free? her lord, her bosom's love?
One fond reply, her hopes, her accents crave,
Say—doth his bark dance gaily o'er the wave?
If Heav'n but deign to grant a fav'ring breeze,
To waft him safely o'er the troubled seas,
Resign'd to all her woes—with fond caress—
—She'll hug her chains, and deem it happiness!

The Tower.

Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till Mem'ry fled her agonizing brain;
But Mercy gave—to charm the sense of woe—
Ideal peace, that Truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Campbell.

"Are tears, and fetters, and a dungeon's gloom,
"The fitting portion of a royal bride?
"Are love, and youth, and beauty's tend'rest bloom,
"But victims doom'd to serve a tyrant's pride?
"Tho' mortal hearts thus turn to senseless stone,
"All gracious Heav'n yet lists the wretch's pray'r,
"Whose suppliant voice of faith hath pow'r alone
"To check the madness of the soul's despair!"

Thus Percy wrote—from 'neath that Flemish sky,
Where Friendship bade him still with Seymour fly,
Whilst from the gaol-like Castle Arabella pines,
She trusts her ardent pray'r hath pierc'd the skies,
For, in that scroll enclos'd, her husband's lines
Have pass'd the warder's gate to greet her eyes!

This was indeed a long lost ray of light,
Which seem'd to burst across her dungeon gloom;
His well-known hand trac'd hope in letters bright
Upon her prison walls, to cheer her doom;
There Seymour tells how, cloth'd in dark array,
Unchalleng'd by the guard, he went his way;
How, sallying forth from out the western door,
Disguis'd beneath the sable locks he wore,
Beside a woodman's cart he loit'ring stray'd
Along the Tower wharf, from whence he made
His eager progress tow'rds the iron gates;
The warders past, there faithful Rodney waits;

He leaps into the boat—the oars they ply—
And swift as lightning o'er the waters fly.
But, when he found *her* bark no longer there,
His heart half sunk with terror and despair!
Till soon he spied a white but distant sail,
That lightly skimm'd before the fresh'ning gale!
Then, spite the heaving billows of the main,
One needy boatman, urg'd by love of gain,
He yet could tempt to brave the raging sea,
And steer his slender bark right manfully.
But when at length they near'd that pinnace light,
And found 'twas not *her* bark that hove in sight,
Oh! wildly did his bursting heart deplore
That ruthless fate which urged her from the shore!
Ere *he*, her faithful Seymour, join'd her there,
Her fears—her perils—and her fate to share!
Alas! what boots it now the pangs to tell,
Which in a husband's bosom madd'ning dwell,

Who lives an exile on a foreign strand,
Torn from his bride—and from his native land?
His limbs no more in galling fetters bound,
He moves, perchance, with freedom o'er the ground;
But what avails it, tho' his arm be free,
If doom'd to barter love for liberty?
Far happier were his lot, did Heav'n ordain,
To share his partner's dungeon and her chain!

On captive hearts love sheds a ray divine,
As sunbeams piercing to th' unfathom'd mine!
In sorrow's breast love wakes a tear as sweet
As gentle rain-drops 'neath the tropic's heat!
Tho' like the crystal dew it seem'd to lay
Upon that page—'twas brush'd with haste away.
How could her hand, how could her heart allow
One earthly stain to darken o'er it now?
How could she brook one trace of grief to see,
Where Seymour told he was alive and free?

But now—that once again her breast had known
A few brief hours of bliss—less passive grown,
And less resign'd to her relentless doom,
She feels impatiently her dungeon's gloom;
Whilst doubtful yet his fate—her grief intense,
Her anxious hopes—her fears—her keen suspense,
On Seymour's fortunes fix'd her thoughts alone,
And left her half indiff'rent to her own!
But now—those feverish pangs—that anguish o'er—
She feels the curse of solitude the more!
She looks thro' tears upon her dungeon wall,
She drops her arms—her clanking fetters fall—
She starts!—not yet familiar with the sound—
Then falls in speechless anguish on the ground.

And now to Heav'n she prays—to Heav'n she kneels
That Seymour ne'er may know the pangs she feels.
"If I have sinn'd, O God! on me alone
"Let fall Thy vengeance! at th' eternal throne

sue for mercy. Let Thy pow'rful arm
reserve his heart from ill—his head from harm—
et not the gloom my fate hath o'er him cast,
arken his future path; this cloud once past,
ill many a year may that fond bosom glow
ith virtue, fame, and happiness below!
nd when transplanted to the realms above,
h! crown his spirit with immortal love!"

w Policy, from her aerial post,
oks down with triumph on her faithful host,
plauds the labours of th' infernal train,
d marks with savage glee her victim's pain.
d with success—exulting in her pow'r—
olv'd to crown the glories of this hour
one last effort of her deadly art,
esolv'd, at length, to break her captive's heart,

She summons gloomy Frenzy to her side,
And bids him persecute the wretched bride,
And still with ling'ring pangs prolong her life,
Till hopeless Mis'ry close the fearful strife.
Frenzy obeys—and with Despair conform'd,
That fierce tormentor of the gloomy mind,
Hastes to the victim in her dungeon cell,
And bids her own his dark and with'ring spell.

Months, years roll on, still galling fetters bind
That gentle frame—which sinks beneath her mind.
And now it comes—that fever of the brain—
That keen inquietude—that restless pain,
The burning temple, and the throbbing pulse,
The quiv'ring pangs which ev'ry limb convulse;
Yet still she scorns the leech's proffer'd aid,
And seems her jailer's mercy to upbraid,

As now she turns to ask, with bitter smile,
If art or medicine can despair beguile?
Why seek they to prolong the fearful strife?
Twere kinder far to take their victim's life!
Her aching heart would hail the murd'rous steel,
Whose kinder mercy bade it cease to feel.
Oh! who can paint the tortures of a breast,
By Love, by Madness, and Despair opprest?

Sent by her tyrant—to prolong her pains—
Her jailer comes—to loose his captive's chains;
They bring her lute—to soothe her dungeon's gloom!
They bid her sing—to cheer her hopeless doom!
The work of Death begun! help came too late!
Full many a day in listless woe she sate;
Her brain was wand'ring—motionless with grief,
In Fancy's vision'd realms she sought relief;

Upon her prison walls her fingers trac
Her Seymour's lineaments—yet oft efl
Whene'er she deem'd those lines to like
As tho' her fondness could not brook t
The eyes she lov'd, within those walls i
Gazing on all the pangs her heart endu
And now—her fingers twist the silken
And seek with care the varied flow'r tc
Her task complete—she bids the jailer
The parchment and the quill—then to
She sends th' embroider'd scarf—wl
haste
Her trembling hand these wand'ring let

Arabella's Petition to the King.

"All prostrate now—a wretched bride—
"A suppliant at thy feet I lie.
"Mercy I crave—that boon denied—
"Remember, Sire! I dare to die!

"My ev'ry hope of comfort gone,
"Why should I linger yet in pain?
"Leave me not thus to weep forlorn—
"Oh! give me, Sire! my love again!

"If mercy cannot reach the throne,
"And I am doom'd to lasting woe—
"Oh! if thy heart be turn'd to stone,
"Still let thy hand one gift bestow—

" Send me the bowl—or surer knife,
" To drink the life-blood from my breast—
" To close the torments of my life,
" That Death may lull my brain to rest!"

The gift—the pray'r—alike the monarch spurn'd,
The scroll unanswer'd, and the scarf return'd,
The monarch's cold neglect at length hath wrought
The work of Death!—the boon her bosom sought!

The Conclusion.

And when she sung to her lute's touching strain,
'Twas like the notes, half ecstasy, half pain,
The Bulbul utters, ere her soul depart,
When vanquish'd by some Minstrel's pow'rful art,
She dies upon the lute whose sweetness broke her heart!

Moore.

Now, Policy's infernal work complete,
She bids her victim's heart no longer beat,
And as she marks with wild exulting eyes
The dying struggles in her bosom rise,
She turns, approving, to th' aerial train,
And bids them seek their native realms again,
To celebrate this deed of vengeance done,
This fatal triumph o'er a Stuart won—

That Fame may shout thro' all the courts above,
"Victorious Policy hath conquer'd Love!"

'Twas autumn—and the mild nocturnal breeze
Pass'd her barr'd casement, wand'ring tow'rds the seas—
Tow'rds the far-distant shore where Seymour rov'd,
To waft her dying smiles to him she lov'd.

With sudden start she rose—her lute was there—
Her trembling fingers tun'd the strings with care—
Her ear hath caught the tone—and now a few
Wild, mournful, murm'ring sounds from thence she drew,
Then turn'd to court the breeze—and on the sky
Fix'd her wild gaze—and wept—how bitterly!
Those tears—the first, alas! for many a week
That moist'ning flow'd to cool her fev'rish cheek—

eem'd with a balm of magic pow'r possest,
o soothe and calm the achings of her breast.
'ith meek composure—mild and placid smile,
he fain would now her lonely thoughts beguile
ier spirit, wing'd for flight, in Music's pow'r
till seeks a solace in its latest hour—
eebly she strives to raise her voice in song
s thus her plaintive notes the strain prolong.—

Arabella's Dungeon Song.

How sweet, how calm, the silv'ry night!
" How soft the balmy air!
On *me* alone hath fall'n the blight,
" Engender'd by despair!
Whilst earth looks glad, whilst flow'rets bloom
" And scatter fragrance still,
I languish in a dungeon's gloom—
" 'Midst vapours dark and chill!

" I come, I come! my love, my lord, my life!
" Oh! now at length my fate is truly blest!
" Since I, thine own, thy lov'd, thy faithful wife,
" Thus, dying, sink upon my husband's breast!"

Her love—her torments—and her life are o'er!
The despot's tyranny can wound no more.
Love rul'd her life! Love claim'd her dying breath!
Love's latest sigh was only hush'd in death!

THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by G. Barclay, Castle St. Leicester Sq.

GIUSTINA:

A SPANISH TALE OF REAL LIFE.

A Poem in Three Cantos.

BY E. S. Law,

NOT PUBLISHED.

1833.

NEW YORK

TO HUGH LEYCESTER, ESQ.

Tho' Time hath ting'd thy locks with grey,
And bid the tints of youth depart,
All vainly doth his hand essay
To leave its print upon thy heart!
Oft wand'ring yet, with taste refin'd,
Where'er the classic muse hath sung,
Years still have left thy cultur'd mind,
Thy fancy and thy feelings young!

Within thy cheerful breast serene,
Tho' pain may rouse the transient sigh,
The triumphs of a soul are seen,
Whose placid smiles can age defy—
O name belov'd, from childhood's years,
Which tells where virtuous feelings glow,
To bless that worth my heart reveres,
Affection bids these numbers flow!

Brighton, Feb. 1833.

INTRODUCTION.

TELL me why, when hope is bright
Idly droops the lover's wing,
Like the warbler of the night,
Waiting sunset ere he sing!
Oh! whilst rosy spring is nigh,
Wherefore risk its joys to miss?
None can reap, when years go by,
Second crops of youth or bliss.

Oft the rose that blooms at morn,
Drooping fades, ere night, away,
Leaving on its stem a thorn
That survives thro' many a day!
Flow'rs,—the brightest 'neath the sky
Still are first to death consign'd;
But the wreaths which never die,
They are those by Sorrow twin'd!

CANTO I.

"Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay—
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
* * * * *
Now too the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
O mis'ry! must I lose *that* too?

Moore.

GIUSTINA.

I.

On Seville's domes, with warm and crimson glow,
The sun, yet ling'ring, sheds a parting ray;
Blest hour! that well those dark-eyed maidens know,
Who pine imprison'd thro' the sultry day,
And eve's soft twilight shades with rapture hail,—
As the green lattice, clos'd with jealous care,
Half opens now, to court the balmy gale,
And welcome every breeze that wanders there.
Now, from each grove, more fragrant odours rise,
The citron sheds its perfum'd sweets around,

And Love's own myrtle with the jasmine vies
To breathe new spells along th' enchanted ground
Stretch'd o'er the marble couch, 'neath olive trees
To lovers' hearts new life these moments bring—
Their sighs re-echo on the trembling breeze,
Whilst Hope delusive spreads her soaring wings

II.

But who are these?—the ancient and the fair,
Slowly advancing 'neath the spreading shade?
One feebly moves along—his silv'ry hair
Floats o'er a brow where Time his print hath laid;
His left hand rests upon a staff—his right
Leans for support on that young fair one's arm,
Who moves beside him now with footstep light
And slender form—more fit the young to charm
Than lend its feeble strength to falt'ring age;
Yet o'er that pensive mien no trace is shed

Of those bright hopes which youthful hearts engage,
Such may have warm'd her heart—but they are fled!

III.

Now on her sire, with anxious gaze of love,
She turns those dark and mournful eyes, which seem
To speak of filial tenderness, and prove
One feeling yet survives, to lend a gleam
Of living int'rest to this mortal scene,
Which, but for this, were to her wearied breast,
By one dark dream of early grief opprest,
Like Ocean's waste, on which no form is seen,
Save one sad floating wreck, that tells how Death
Seized with remorseless grasp, all—all we lov'd!

IV.

The reckless mariner, when life's young breath
Beats in his heart with hope of joys unprov'd,

Looks on thro' time, with fearless, fond belief,
As tho' this world had never told of care,
Nor death, pain, sickness, and corroding grief
Rank'd 'midst the gifts to which mankind is heir:
When, lo! a sudden crash—a fearful scream,
An awful stillness comes;—from Hope's bright dream,
By ghastly death arous'd, he sinks apace—
The billows close above, nor leave *one* trace
Of all those ardent hopes—that power to bless,
Which, but an hour before, breath'd happiness!

V.

E'en thus, each early hope for ever blighted,
That once in fond Giustina's breast had shone,
Dimm'd was the lamp that erst her path had lighted,
She felt, alas! she was on earth alone!
Her widow'd heart of faithful love bereft,
She breath'd—she mov'd—but every joy was riv'n;

And now, to cheer her lonely thoughts were left
None, but her sire on earth—her God in heaven!
How chang'd, alas! from that fond, happy maid,
Who, scarce releas'd from childhood's young constraint,
Beside the river's margin hourly stray'd
With him her youthful fancy lov'd to paint
Her future lord—but years their course must run
Ere yet Alonzo win so fair a prize—
Within her realm, Spain held no worthier son
Than he who lov'd the maid—whom yet he flies.

VI.

His was no common heart—no vulgar flame
Lighted that noble breast, of ancient name,
Of proud Castilian blood the purest stream
Flow'd in his veins—yet could not this redeem
The want of heritage; his tardier birth
Had class'd him 'midst the poorer sons of earth.

But Fate, which sternly Fortune's stores denied,
With lavish hand the heart's best gifts supplied.
He felt the power within him, and that fire
Which can alone the loftiest souls inspire,
Honour's pure guide, that points to distant fame,
To years of glory, and a deathless name!
Yes, these he felt were his—these hopes could move
A heart that throbb'd with virtue, pride, and love!
Yet was the struggle fierce within his breast,
As oft, by Love's o'ermast'ring force opprest,
He gazed on her to whom his soul was bound
By every spell that youth and passion wound,
Whose pure and tender faith to him was giv'n
With all the fond devotion due to Heav'n.

VII.

Hers was that deep confiding trust which flows
From the chaste fondness woman only knows;

'Twas but for him she breath'd—for him alone
It seem'd to her fond gaze the sunbeams shone,
The crystal streams ran clear—the flow'ring thorn
Shed forth its sweets—or blush'd the rosy morn.
When *he* was by her side, all Nature smiling
Bright and luxuriant, shone with power to bless;
Each transient gloom *his* tender care beguiling,
Life was one rapturous dream of loveliness;
Yet was the ardent flame her heart confest
So pure, so free from earth's unhallow'd fire—
Such heavenly feelings warm'd Giustina's breast,
That scarce could sons of brighter worlds aspire
To loftier hopes of bliss, than hers might own,
Where Love and Piety had fix'd their throne.

VIII.

Deeply Alonzo felt the prize he won,
And gladly for her love his life had given,

Yet must he now that heav'nly image shun,
Or hath he vainly 'gainst that passion striv'n.
Despair may lurk beneath the madd'ning thought,
His blood may rush—his heart may beat—yet nought
Hath pow'r to bid his nobler reason yield;
He calls on Heav'n that angel form to shield
From sorrow, sickness, peril, or dismay,
Whilst duty tears him from her charms away.
Yet was Alonzo's love as warm a fire
As ever beam'd in manhood's ardent breast;
But he had learn'd to tame each wild desire
That e'er might war with lov'd Giustina's rest:
He burn'd to call that idol heart his own,
That form, where Nature's richest beauties shone,
Still urg'd by pride, his pure and gen'rous flame
Disdain'd one selfish sacrifice to claim;
He could not brook that *she* whose heart he won,
Should stoop to poverty—by love undone!

IX.

Oft as they stroll'd beside the river's brink,
His falt'ring accents whisper'd—they must part;
Tho' from the harsh resolve he fain would shrink,
It wrung so bitterly Giustina's heart!
Yet now again he curbs with strong control
The deep impassion'd language of his soul,
And strives to nerve, with sterner Reason's aid,
The fond resistance of that loving maid;
And when she turns on him her weeping eye,
That only craves with him to live—or die—
" My life!—my loved one!" would he fondly say,
" E'en tho' my heart-strings burst, I must away!
" Oh! how could tenderness like mine endure
" To view thee, gentle love—so soft, so pure,
" (Earth's flow'ry mead seems all too rude to bear
" The print of thy light footsteps wand'ring there,)
" Doom'd for my sake to brook each hardship drear,
" Each rougher toil of life, until the tear

" Of pain perchance and anguish cloud that
" Which only lives to yield me rapture now
" Until those radiant smiles, than heav'n
bright,
" Be chang'd, alas! for all the gloom of nig

X.

No! ne'er to yield his bursting heart relief,
Will fond Alonzo steep those eyes in grief,
Howe'er his passion plead—her smiles persu
He loves too fervently that trusting maid,
To sacrifice long years of future bliss,
To chase the transient clouds which darken
And when at length it came—Love's parting
With purpose firm he sought the maiden's b
Resolv'd to stifle each rebellious sigh,
That, spite his manly strife, might wound h
And dash each pledge of weakness from his
Where, all unbidden, rose the starting tea

XI.

Yet, was he unprepar'd that hour to meet,
When blushing Beauty, sinking at his feet,
In anguish mute—for words were all too weak
Her soul's desponding agony to speak—
Implor'd him yet, by many a heaving sigh,
The frowns of Fate and Fortune to defy:
And when at last her falt'ring accents came,
Besought him by their fond and mutual flame,
By ev'ry tender tie and binding vow
Which link'd their souls in one, their flame t' avow,
And from her aged sire this hour demand,
That he who own'd her heart might claim her hand—
" Nay, dearest! wherefore leave me thus?" she cries,
And on Alonzo turns her weeping eyes—
" What tyrant force compels thee to depart,
" And wring with agony this bleeding heart?
" Can Glory, Wealth, or Fame itself bestow,
" A dearer boon than fond Affection's glow?

" The gorgeous palace, or the gilded dome,
" Shine half so bright as Love's own happy home?
" These hands would gladly spread our frugal fare,
" The needle ply—thy ev'ry labour share;
" And when at eve return'd from wand'ring far,
" I'd soothe thy slumbers with my light guitar;—
" Then say, my lov'd one, canst thou yet desire
" To bid a long farewell to love and me?
" Can thy proud heart a fonder mate require
" Than her who dreads no ill, but loss of thee?
" Not all the wealth to Earth's proud despots
" giv'n,
" Can yield such foretaste of the bliss above
" As the pure joys that deck that earthly heav'n,
" The lowliest cot—if lit by woman's love!
" Then stay—toprove how vain each tim'rous dream
" Thy doubting heart can urge, my faith to try,
" To learn how blest the humblest lot would seem
" With thee, my lov'd—my own Alonzo, nigh!"

XII.

Scarce could his throbbing heart that hour repress,
With ill-dissembled calm, the gushing tear;
Yet, tho' unnerv'd at sight of her distress,
Fain would his accents curb, with tone severe,
That fond, devoted maiden's tenderness;
But she, unus'd that chiding voice to hear,
Sinks down abash'd, and trembling strives to hide
The starting drops of wounded love and pride.

O stern, unthinking man!—ye ne'er can prove
Those conscious pangs which softer bosoms swell,
If but *one* chilling word, from lips they love,
Seem to reprove for having lov'd too well!

XIII.

Stretch'd on her fev'rish couch, Giustina lay,
Watching the first pale streak of purple morn,

Which lights Alonzo on his lonely way,
And leaves her widow'd heart in tears to mourn.
How will she e'er survive that hateful day,
The first of hopeless solitude forlorn!
Whilst in this earliest grief her breast hath known,
O there is none to soothe—for he is flown!

XIV.

Who hath not felt that dull and lifeless trance,
Which lull'd in apathy her soul's distress,
As still she mark'd each tedious hour advance,
Ere yet she woke to Grief's full consciousness?
But when she rous'd her from that mental sleep,
And gaz'd around—and knew she was alone—
Then flow'd the agonising tear—the deep,
The breathless feeling came—that he was gone!
O bitter anguish! thus to live and know
That so much love hath all been nurs'd in vain;

To feel that dull, monotonous distress,
That wearied pulse, which scarce can life sustain,
Which hope nor fear can quicken or depress,
Where nought on earth can yield or joy or pain!
One ling'ring thought remain'd—it breath'd despair!
He, whom she lov'd, had fled—and left her there!

XV.

But heartless time, whose stern, unvarying flight
Ne'er checks his wing to soothe the lover's sigh,
Still sent revolving hours of day and night,
Till months were past, and years went stealing by—
And still Giustina pin'd, tho' oft a bright
Yet distant gleam of bliss illum'd her sky,
When Love's fond, welcome scroll, her heart to bless,
Came breathing still of hope and tenderness.
It told of fame, by tedious labours won—
How toils, by love inspir'd, still glory gain'd;

It spoke of many an anxious mission done,
Of Fortune's smiles by honest zeal obtain'd.
Her heart throbb'd high with pride—yet was there *one*
Far dearer word that cherish'd scroll contain'd—
" However brightly rose Alonzo's sun,.
" Unchang'd, to love and her, his heart remain'd."

XVI.

O this indeed was bliss!—and would he come
Once more to bless her solitary home?
And would he prove as fond, as tender now,
As when Love's chaplet only grac'd his brow?
Tho' crown'd with honours, in all else the same,
Still twine the myrtle in the wreaths of Fame?
Yes! fondly to this hope her heart shall cling,
Till some few ling'ring months restore the spring,
When he—her own, her lov'd, her bosom's pride,
Shall turn to claim his fond and faithful bride!

XVII.

Despite that trusting tenderness, there stole
At times a passing shadow o'er her soul;
It was not doubt, but an uneasy fear,
Perchance the echo of that tone severe
Which haunted yet her mind, and rose above
A thousand gentler records of his love!
Oft would she fear, *that* breast, which only knew
Stern Reason's dictates at their last adieu,
When now no more by early feelings sway'd,
Might scorn that weakness which her own betray'd,
Yet bound by many a vow, by honour mov'd,
To feign the passion he no longer prov'd,
Though faint perchance each trace his mem'ry bore
Of those young charms which warm'd his heart of yore,

Might deem that she, whose constant bosom, through
Long years of absence only fonder grew;
Whose love could thus, despite of time, endure
True to its early faith, unchang'd and pure,
Ought ne'er, from colder smiles or words to guess,
That *his* more wayward heart now lov'd her less!

But soon she spurns this burning thought of pain,
Lest it should work to madness in her brain—
And turns once more to paint him fond and true,
With pencil dipp'd in Love's own roseate hue.

END OF CANTO THE FIRST.

CANTO II.

" Yes! yes!" she cried—" my hourly fears,
" My dreams have boded all too right!—
" We part—for ever part—to-night!
" I knew—I knew it *could* not last—
" 'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly—but 'tis past!"

Moore.

CANTO II.

I.

Bright lights are burning in the festive hall,
And sounds of revelry the night prolong,
Light forms are gliding by the tap'stried wall,
As in the graceful dance they move along;—
Beauty and Youth and happy thoughts are there,
And hearts which never look beyond the day,
Radiant with love and joy—unknown to care,
With spirits buoyant as their hopes are gay!

II.

O ye whose souls are wrung with anxious grief,
Nay, come not to these halls of mirth and glare—

They cannot lend your aching breasts relief,
Such false excitement aggravates despair;—
Amidst that giddy, gay, and thoughtless throng,
Full many a heart perchance may suff'ring know,
E'en at this very hour may bear along,
Disguis'd in smiles, a leaden weight of woe.
Yet vain the hope, amidst that motley crowd,
To wake the soft, the sympathetic tear,
Where from Suspicion's gaze all strive to shroud,
With jealous caution, ev'ry hope and fear.
Then fly those scenes, for bosoms all unmeet
Whose feelings vibrate to the chord of pain—
For ev'ry sight and sound ye there shall meet,
Will woo ye back to solitude again!
Bewild'ring strains of music—voices loud—
The sparkling jewels—and the sick'ning glare—
The busy, laughing, thoughtless, passing crowd—
The floating robes of silver drap'ry there,
Shall swim before your eyes, as wand'ring on,
The only strangers 'midst that eager throng—

With joyless aspect still ye move along,
Unmixing with the scene ye gaze upon!

III.

But there are two, who fly from halls so bright,
Because their hearts are all too new to bliss
To brook the cold constraint—the feign'd delight,
Which those must wear who join a scene like this;—
And now, beside that marble fount they stand,
In speechless happiness—or, hand in hand,
Pace the long terrace—whilst the moon-lit sky
Looks down upon their loves approvingly.
And now their thoughts find utt'rance—and anon
They talk of years gone by—and many an hour
When Hope grew pale, and scarce a glimm'ring shone
To cheer their sever'd hearts; yet still the pow'r,
The conq'ring force of Love o'ermaster'd fear—
And gloom, despair, and all the dark array

Of troubled Fancy's forms, which oft appear
To wring the lover's heart, dissolv'd away.
O rapturous hour! when ev'ry early vow
That link'd their youthful hearts in bonds of love,
Renew'd with tenfold eagerness, may now
Aspire at length its fond reward to prove—
When that soft cheek, no more with anguish pale,
Again shall own the bright carnation's glow—
When those bright, sunny smiles no more shall veil
Their living lustre 'neath the mask of woe!

IV.

And now they part—but not as when, of yore,
Stern Fate first sever'd hearts by Love entwin'd—
A few short hours will soon their bliss restore,
In chains of adamant their fates to bind!
Ere noon, Alonzo shall each hope confess,
And claim Giustina from her aged sire,

Who, gladly, proudly shall that union bless,
Where wealth and honours thus with love conspire.
And now he bade the gentle maid adieu;
But, as her fair small hand he press'd, there came
Upon his cheek a flush of crimson hue,
And a slight shudder pass'd across his frame.
Giustina mark'd the change—with looks of love,
"Nay—speak," she cried, "my lov'd one—thou art ill!"
"Fear not, my life—'tis but the change we prove
"When at the coming dawn the breeze grows chill.
"Full many an hour beneath the scorching sun
"I've urg'd my steed, this blissful night to share,
"When now, to hail his lov'd, long absent son,
"Would my fond sire this festive scene prepare;
"And then to see thee, lov'd one, thus again—
"To hold thy hand in mine—to know thee true—

" Such bliss intense may well have pow'r, l
" To flush the changing cheek with fev'ri

V.

Slowly the sleepless hours of night went l
So fondly throbb'd with joy that conscio
Yet still, despite of hope—she scarce kne
A strange foreboding dread her heart o
Oft in her dreaming thoughts, Alonzo no
Blooming with health and love, stood
there;
But oft again, his wan and alter'd brow
The pallid hues of death and sickness
Now from her troubled couch the maiden
To soothe her spirits with the morning
Scarce stirr'd the leaves—all Nature look'
Serene and silent—not a sound was the
Save the calm trickling of St. Francis' fo
There rose the Alcazar—and amidst th

That gall'ried steeple's triple towers, that mount
. The azure sky, and thence on Seville frown.
Along the plain the Guadalquivir flow'd,
Beside whose banks the Andalusians stray;
There was the boat-supported bridge which show'd
Where the gay promenade 'midst the suburbs lay;
And there the olive grove, for many a mile,
Far as the eye could reach, its verdure spread,
Whilst citrons scent the air, pomegranates smile,
And o'er the plain their softest influence shed.
But soon the city wakes, and murmurs loud
Begin to break from ev'ry dwelling there;
And many a light mantilla, 'midst the crowd,
Shows Beauty hast'ning to the house of pray'r.
And now, Giustina's lattice clos'd again,
Her soul ascends in solemn thoughts to Heav'n,
And, in a calm, devout, and holy strain,
She craves a blessing where her heart is giv'n.

VI.

Breathless with keen suspense and doubting fear,
The watchful maiden sits with anxious gaze,
Starting at ev'ry sound which strikes her ear,
As thro' the leaves the wand'ring zephyr strays—
Yet still he comes not—Oh! those hours of care
Are but the heralds of thy heart's despair—
Those heavy hours, which ling'ring seem to go,
They are the last of hope thou e'er shalt know!
Nay, let not yet those precious tear-drops fall,
For oh! too soon thy heart will need them all!—

VII.

At length 'tis eve—and now the hurried tread,
And voices strange, have fill'd her soul with dread.
Fond, hapless maid! thy fears were all too true—
It was no dream—that fev'rish, livid hue,
Which in those sleepless hours appear'd to streak,
With sad prophetic truth, thy lover's cheek,

Too surely now is stamp'd by sickness there,
Where raging fever bids his eyeballs glare!—
"O words of agony!—each danger past—
"The frowns of Fate o'ercome—shall Death at last
"Remorseless tear Alonzo from my side,
"E'en at the hour he turn'd to claim his bride?
"E'en at that very hour—thrice bitter pain!
"When these fond eyes ne'er thought to weep again!
"Oh! I have lov'd too much—to him were giv'n
"The hopes—the heart, that should have clung to Heav'n—
"O yes! to God alone that love was due,
"Which in my breast to idol-worship grew.
"Yet, oh! forgive, great Heav'n, this sinful heart,
"To cool my brain, *one* ray of hope impart!
"O grant yet *once* this bleeding bosom's pray'r,
"Lest it should madden into wild despair!
"Let him but live!" she cried—this sight of woe—
Th' impassion'd flood of tears, that burning flow—

This mental agony, hath all reveal'd
Her bosom's secret, scarce till now conceal'd;—
Heedless of all around—her love confest,
She sinks unconscious on her father's breast.

VIII.

And now again a hasty summons came—
Alonzo sinks—but yet he fain would crave
Giustina's sire to see. O worthless Fame!
How pow'rless are thy wreaths from Death to save
Those who, thro' life to win a glorious name,
Have sacrific'd each bliss that Fortune gave,
And wrung their own, and many a dearer breast,
To sink into an early grave—unblest!

IX.

Beside Alonzo's couch the old man sate,
But half refus'd to trust his feeble sight—

Was that the lofty brow, with hope elate,
That smil'd so proudly on the festive night?
Which, bow'd by sickness—sinking 'neath his fate,
Now feebly shrinks beneath that glimm'ring light?
Alas! the same—but death and mortal strife
Now wring from out that heart the breath of life!

X.

Yet still he strives his languid form to raise,
And faintly tells, in quiv'ring accents low,
How in that oaken chest a scroll betrays
The love—the hopes—that bade his bosom glow;
And how, by these impell'd in after days,
He toil'd thro' many a thorny path to know
The gifts of Fame—till, crown'd with wealth and pow'r,
He proudly turn'd to seek the maiden's bow'r,
And lay them at her feet—Giustina's dow'r!
The tear that down that aged bosom stole,

As in his trembling hands that scroll he bore,
Betray'd the bitter anguish of his soul.
Deeply he sigh'd——Why cannot sighs restore
The young—the lov'd—to health and life again?
And now he feebly strives that hand to press,
Which motions him that, e'er the task be vain,
He fain would speak—Giustina's name to bless—
" O tell that dear lov'd maid," he faintly cries,
" True to his earliest faith, Alonzo dies!
" Tell her, not e'en life's quiv'ring pangs have pow'r
" To chase her image from this dying hour—
" Such lasting chains have bound her to this heart,
" Not death itself shall tear those links apart;
" And when my spirit soars to realms above,
" Blending her mem'ry with immortal love,
" Still, those who search with curious gaze, shall find,
" Within my lifeless heart, her form enshrin'd.—

" And O! if e'er this breast less ardent seem'd,
" Less fond than hers—if e'er her bosom deem'd
" My feign'd composure into coldness grew,
" O tell that loving maid, she little knew
" The bitter pangs it cost me to control
" Th' impassion'd ardours of my fev'rish soul!
" Tell her—O God! my life is ebbing fast—
" O say—I lov'd—ador'd her—to the last!"
One gentle sigh—and now that troubled breast,
Its love—its hopes—its fears, are all at rest!
That breast, where firm unshrinking virtue dwelt,
That nobly lov'd—and O how deeply felt!

END OF CANTO THE SECOND.

CANTO III.

" O grief! beyond all other griefs, when Fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it lov'd to live, or fear'd to die;—
Lorn as the hung-up lute, that ne'er hath spoken
Since the sad day its master-chord was broken!"

Moore.

CANTO III.

I.

The old man turn'd him to his home again,
To tell his widow'd child that tale of pain,
But durst not yet her lonely chamber seek,
Lest the fresh tear-drops on his aged cheek
Should all too soon the fatal truth betray—
Precaution vain! for what avails delay?
Or soon or late, her heart must know the worst—
But could a father watch those heart-strings burst?

II.

And now her crowding handmaids anxious tell
How on her couch reclin'd she sleeps full well;

And how the sorrows of her lab'ring breast
Are for a moment hush'd in tranquil rest;—
Delusive dream! to think that rest and sleep
Will come where Grief and Fear their vigils kee
That calm—that apathy—whate'er it seem,
That mock repose, is but the lulling dream,
The languid fever of the stagnant mind,
Ere Reason yet hath *quite* her seat resign'd;
No other rest or sleep she e'er shall know,
Until her heart hath drain'd the cup of woe!

III.

Faintly the glimm'ring light of early day
Stream'd o'er the couch where pale Giustina lay
When, lo! she starts—a voice of music near,
A mournful strain hath caught her wakefu
ear;
Dull heavy footsteps rouse the silent street—
Nearer they come—now, starting to her feet,

Breathless—aghast—and with a gaze as wild
As Fancy ever lent her wand'ring child,
She rush'd in haste, and to the lattice sprung—
O what a fearful sight her bosom wrung!
There, two of those who live by death alone,
And only reap the fruit by sickness sown,
Bear unconcern'd a heavy bier along,
All reckless chanting forth their funeral song.

IV.

Now dark foreboding fears of speechless ill
With sick'ning dread her panting bosom fill.
A moment there she stood, in mute suspense,
Her feelings wrought to agony intense;
The next—with garments light, dishevell'd hair,
Heedless of all but of her heart's despair—
Impell'd by deep, unutterable woe,
With that wild energy the desp'rate know—

Her handmaids past, who sunk in sleep appear—
She rush'd—she follow'd those who bore that bier!
And when she reach'd the chamber which retain'd
All of Alonzo that on earth remain'd,
Transfix'd she stood—and mark'd with speechless gaze,
That lifeless form where Death already strays;
She watch'd that silent, calm, and changeless brow,
Where pale and livid hues are fixing now—
Till, oh! one moment first for breath she gasp'd,
Then sunk upon his cold and lifeless breast,
Scarce more alive than him she wildly clasp'd,
Whilst mute delirium lent her bosom rest!
Nor could the chisel's breathless figures show
A deadlier group of cold and marble woe!

V.

But soon her unresisting form they bear
Far from that scene of death and dark despair;

Now, all unconscious on her couch she lay,
Thro' many a fev'rish night and weary day—
Wild, ebbing Reason's dark and doubtful rays
Shone in that fearful, bright, unearthly gaze;
Whilst oft her strange delirious accents tell
Her thoughts still wander, where she lov'd so well!
"Deck me," she cries, "in robes of virgin white,
"For know, my lov'd one shall return to night!
"Lo there, behold they come in bright array,
"With orange wreaths, to hail my wedding-day:
"In priestly robes the rev'rend father stands
"Beside the altar—now he joins our hands—
"Prepar'd in hallow'd links those hearts to bind
"That Love so long in rosy bands hath twin'd.
"But say—what means that cry?—they all depart—
"O Heav'ns! they tear Alonzo from my heart!
"'Tis vain—'tis vain! no earthly pow'r can sever
"Those who by Love and Heav'n are bound for ever!"

To seek the convent's solitary shade,
And give her widow'd hopes and heart to Heav
By one sad stroke, of ev'ry joy bereft,
Her rash despair—her wild impassion'd grief,
To fill the gap that buried Love hath left,
There vainly hop'd a desperate relief!

VIII.

But she, Alonzo's lov'd, had early known,
The God of mercy ne'er deserts his own;
That all the sorrows sent—the blessings giv'n,
Have but *one* aim—to draw our souls to Heav'n;
That all the bitter suff'rings here we know,
Whilst chain'd in bondage to this scene of woe,
Are but the pangs of souls from Eden hurl'd,
Mourning their exile from a brighter world!
Slight passing shadows on the path to bliss,
Cast by the grosser clouds which rise from this!

IX.

Her more exalted faith—her reason knew,
That whilst devotion to her God was due,
Yet, in His sight who gave creation birth,
And sent mankind to till this beauteous earth,
More blest the efforts of that soul would prove,
Who strove to imitate his Saviour's love,
By active charity or filial care,
Than if he wept in solitude and pray'r.

X.

Oft would that pious maiden calmly say,
"His will be done—who gives and takes away!
"Whate'er our state—whate'er afflictions press,
"Still there are some to love—and God to bless!
"Still duty points some pathway yet untried,
"Where we may seek those joys by Fate denied."

XI.

'Twas thus, in filial love, her bosom found
One ling'ring tie—one balm for ev'ry wound—
Whilst like the ivy round the aged tree,
She clung to that fond sire devotedly!
Bright in his breast a parent's feelings burn'd,
As on his child his smiles approving turn'd;
She was the staff on which his bosom lean'd,
Whilst from her quiet faith new hopes he glean'd;
To him, each thought, each earthly feeling giv'n,
Oh! could a soul like *hers* be far from Heav'n?

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.

CONCLUSION.

O IT is bitter pain to gaze
  Upon the form we long have cherish'd,
When on the silent bier it lays,
  Each hope within our bosoms perish'd!
If forc'd from all it loves to part,
  The widow'd heart must pine in sadness;
But if Death wing th' unerring dart,
  It turns the wilder'd brain to madness!

Yet none so lone, they cannot find
  Some heart to which their own may cling,
Some point of union with mankind,
  Some balm to soothe Affliction's sting!
The deepest sorrows leave behind
  A softness in the breasts they wring—
A sympathy which makes them wind
  Round each forlorn deserted thing!

Brighton, Feb. 13th, 1833.

CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

A Poem.

BY E. S. L.

CHRISTMAS IN LONDON.

Goddess of gloom! from murkiest clouds descend
And to my theme thy own dark colouring lend!
Dipp'd in thy gloomiest tints the pen supply,
To paint the blackness of December's sky—
And trace the endless dulness of *that* day,
Which drags in tedious length its hours away.
Arous'd from sleep, whilst yet th' uncertain light
Finds morning struggling with the shades of night;
Without a ray to cheer her troubled breast,
By Winter's dull monotony oppress,

The languid Julia turns her waking eyes
Where the dim casement's form she scarce descries
Save by those bars which intersecting seem
To cut the yellow fog's unsightly gleam.
Now rising from her couch, the mournful maid
Consults in vain the faithless mirror's aid,
Her own reflected loveliness to view;
Tinging each object with its sickly hue,
The envious gloom hath stamp'd its imag
there—
Cheeks, lips, and tresses, all one colouring wear.
Descending soon where Mocha's fumes invite,
The tapers cast around their glimm'ring light,
By whose uncertain ray she scarce descries
The morning dainties which the board supplies.
But other cares have Julia's mind engross'd—
Her eye, just glancing o'er the Morning Post,
With envy marks the never ending train
Of Christmas gaieties its leaves contain:—

The Ducal palace and the Baron's hall,
The ancient glories of their sires recall,
Crowded with guests, who, thro' the livelong day,
Feast, dance and sing the joyous hours away.
"Alas!" cried Julia, "why did Fate decree
"Such blest delights to ev'ry maid but me?
"Why doom *me* only, of the sprightly train,
"In London's gloomy precincts to remain?"
As, sighing, from her hand she casts aside
This hateful chronicle of joys denied,
She seeks her boudoir, where the varied store
Displays the tribute of each rival shore,
Vying to guard the goddess of the scene
From listless Beauty's foe—the monster Spleen!

But now in vain she marks each glitt'ring toy—
"Can these atone for fancied dreams of joy?
"Can India's stores, or Araby's perfume,
"The darkness of these wintry skies illume?

" The ivory casket, or the marble urn,
" People the town, or bid the Spring return?
" What cares shall while the twilight hours awa
" The brush—the needle, ask the light of day—
" No more the rosebuds 'neath my fingers grow,
" The dalias bloom—the modest violets blow;
" In vain I choose each tint with caution due,
" My pinks look scarlet, and my rose-leaves blue.
So saying, from her cedar shelves she took,
Desponding Beauty's last resource—a book!—
" And is it come to this, alas!" she cried—
" Condemn'd to read—each other joy denied?
" When first I sought this boudoir to adorn,
" I ransack'd Harding's each succeeding morn;
" Now loung'd at Howell's, and now Baldock's
grac'd,
" And chose each toy that pleas'd my fickle taste
" The nodding Mandarin—the costly fan,
" Buhl—agate—crystal—china and japan;

"Till tir'd of Dresden shepherds and their crooks,
"In pure caprice I bought a row of books,
"So richly bound—for ornament—not use!
"Alas! what changes will not time produce!
"Henceforth I'm doom'd (a stupid book-worm grown)
"To seek amusement in these leaves alone!"

The novel plaything pleas'd her for an hour,
And half a chapter did her eyes devour;
But yawning now, she lays the volume by,
Looks at her watch, and heaves a mournful sigh.
"'Tis past the hour—and tho' the heav'ns be dark,
"I'll take my daily promenade in the Park."—
Nay—start not, fair ones, at her strange resolve,
A single whisper will the problem solve.
Once had she heard a doctor's voice declare,
The best cosmetics—exercise and air.—

Now Julia hated walking—yet she knew
Whate'er a doctor said must needs be true;
And the more nauseous still the draught he gave
The more infallible its power to save.
Since then, whate'er the weather or the sky,
She ne'er has fail'd her daily task to ply—
To face the rigours of the wind and sleet,
And brave the snow with Liliputian feet;
Tho' oft she shrinks as o'er the frosty ground,
The monstrous omnibus, with deaf'ning sound
Like rattling thunder, stuns each passer by,
Who scarce can thro' the fog its form descry.
When now at length the dreary Park she gains,
Where hoary Winter undisputed reigns,
She strives to mark where, thro' th' uncertain haze,
A darksome line of leafless stems betrays
Where erst, in summer days of warmth and light
The bow'rs of Kensington could yield delight—

That garden scene of many a blissful hour,
When conscious Beauty triumph'd in her pow'r.
But now—her task perform'd—with limbs con-
geal'd,
Tho' costliest furs combine their warmth to yield,
The lovely nymph her frozen route retrac'd,
And sought her blazing hearth with eager haste;
The fauteuil's depth her graceful form contain'd,
The velvet stool her fairy feet sustain'd—
When, starting as th' unwonted sound she hears,
A single rap arrests her list'ning ears.—
"Ye Pow'rs above!" the wond'ring maiden cries,
"What means this sound beneath December skies?
"None but a dun or doctor would appear,
"To break the slumbers of th' expiring year."
To end her doubts, a proffer'd card conveys
The mournful news its sable rim betrays—
Sir George is dead—and now his widow sends
'Thanks for inquiries" round to all her friends.

VIEWS IN LONDON.

BY AN AMATEUR. i.e.
Elizabeth Susan Law, Lady Colchester.

SKETCHED FROM A WINDOW IN

THE "PALAIS DE LA VERITÉ."

AND

EXTRACTS FROM AN ALBUM.

DEDICATED TO

SOPHIA,

COUNTESS OF DARLINGTON.

NOT PUBLISHED.

1833.

CHISWICK PRESS:
PRINTED BY CHARLES WHITTINGHAM.

TO

SOPHIA,

COUNTESS OF DARLINGTON.

To One, who ne'er hath join'd the throng
Of *Fashion's* vot'ries blind,
To whom those rarest gifts belong,
A head with heart combin'd;

Who ne'er, midst Folly's trivial crew,
The fleeting meteor chas'd,
These nameless rhymes for favour sue,
In sport—not malice trac'd!

Fain would they paint how Nature lends
Her choicest gifts in vain,
Where Bliss on false caprice depends,
And Fashion's follies reign.

London, *June*, 1833.

CONTENTS.

VIEWS IN LONDON, ETC.

		Page
1.	The Descent of Venus in Kensington Gardens	1
2.	Anticipation; or, Coming out . . .	15
3.	Disappointment; or, The Last Almack's . .	19
4.	Maternal Remonstrances at the Close of the London Season	27
5.	Belinda's Lamentations at the Close of the London Season	34

EXTRACTS FROM AN ALBUM.

A Lady's Answer to a Poet's Addresses . .	41
Advice to a Young Lady on her Birthday, from her Maiden Aunt, Miss Griselda Singleheart .	44
Written in an Album	48

Page

Answer to "Pope's Characters of Women" . 51

A Receipt for Walter Scott's Novels . . . 55

Prudery 58

Cupid and Hymen 60

Julia 62

Love Matches 63

The Magic of a Name 64

Epigram on John Bourne, Toll-keeper of the Gate in the Vicinity of the Norfolk Arms, Balcombe 66

THE

DESCENT OF VENUS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

'Twas at a royal banquet lately giv'n
To all the gods by Juno, queen of heav'n,
As gen'rous nectar heighten'd all their mirth,
The converse turn'd upon th' affairs of earth,
And Juno bade her faithful Iris tell
Whate'er in this our lower world befell,
That in her various wand'rings she had seen.
Her gay recital pleas'd th' immortal queen,
But still the tale a livelier int'rest woke
In Venus' breast; her eyes her rapture spoke.
She long'd to join the happy mortal throng,
The sportive midnight dance, the festive song.

Rack'd with the thought, the lovely weeping maid
To Jupiter address'd her pray'r, and said—
" Vouchsafe, great Jove! that I on earth may share
The joys that wait on mortal beauties there!
Why," she exclaim'd, " am I, of heav'nly birth,
Denied to taste the gay delights of earth?
Thou say'st unrival'd hath my beauty shone,
Why then reserv'd to please the gods alone?"
" Immortal deities!" great Jove replies,
Whilst heav'nly wrath illum'd his flaming eyes,
" Say, heard ye e'er, who round our throne attend,
So rash a pray'r from beauty's lips ascend?
Tho' here the queen of ev'ry heart confess'd,
Such rage for conquest hath usurp'd her breast,
That, not contented o'er the gods to reign,
She sighs terrestrial glory to obtain,
And urg'd by mad ambition fain would go,
To search for victims in the world below.
Say now, ye pow'rs, shall female charms prevail,
And on the earth eternal woes entail!

hall fearless beauty, arm'd with heav'nly pow'r,
o crown her triumphs in an evil hour,
indle in mortal hearts celestial fire,
ill in the flame consumed her slaves expire?"
hen turning where the suppliant goddess sigh'd,
nd weeping mourn'd, to think her prayer denied,
Yet, if despite of my almighty will,
uch quenchless thirst for fame possess thee still,
hat heav'n's wide empire yield not hearts enow
o deck with myrtle thine aspiring brow,
grant thy mad desire to quit the skies,—
Haste, and display thy charms to meaner eyes;
he matchless grace of love's immortal queen
hall still attend thee in each earthly scene,
But heav'nly pow'r, which arms the goddess here,
Deserts the maid who seeks an humbler sphere;
Venus on earth shall claim no other sway
han that which mortals may to beauty pay;
Since thine th' imprudent wish, be thine the blame,
Of seeking thus to celebrate thy fame;

Fain would I warn thee here in peace to dwell,
What sphere can suit the Queen of Love so well!"
Fair Venus, smiling, turn'd her radiant eyes
Full on the god, and "Oh! great Jove!" she cries,
"If yet allow'd a goddess' charms to wear,
I ask no loftier privilege to share,
No dearer boon thy bounty could bestow,
I fear no rival in the realms below!
Without a sigh each pompous gift resign,
Which bids us here in solemn grandeur shine,
With pride of heav'nly pow'r content to part,
I only claim the empire of the heart!"
Jove frown'd—Apollo sigh'd—but all in vain.
The goddess smil'd—and all was peace again!
Venus, alas! like all her sprightly sex,
Who still to fancied bliss gay hopes annex,
In chase of pleasure could not brook delay,
But downward swiftly wing'd her earthly way.
'Twas in the earliest days of Nature's spring,
When fragrance drops from ev'ry zephyr's wing,

When the young flow'rs their choicest stores prepare
With spicy odours to perfume the air,
That, deck'd in all her charms, the Queen of Love
For earthly joys forsook the realms above.
Thrice bless'd Britannia! thine the favor'd isle
Where first the sea-born goddess deign'd to smile,
There, where meand'ring glides the crystal stream,
Thro' verdant lawns, that nurse the poet's dream,
Where, deep embosom'd in its native wood,
The royal structure hath for ages stood,
In that bless'd spot, in that beloved retreat
Where Beauty, Wit, and Fashion daily meet,
The Queen of Love first deign'd on earth to light,
And seek repose from her aerial flight.
Such fairy feet her sylphlike form sustain,
Their lightsome step scarce prest th' enamell'd plain,
But Nature recognis'd th' immortal fair,
And with fresh breathing incense fill'd the air;

With graceful mien the goddess glides along,
In gayest mood, to join the motley throng.
As onward moves the daughter of the sky
Her matchless beauty rivets ev'ry eye,
Each fair one envies, and each swain admires,
Each conqu'ring glance awakes love's melting fires.
Th' admiring crowd pursued, and 'mongst the rest,
With curious gaze, young Fashion eager prest,
But ev'ry feeling anxious to conceal,
Until the beauteous maid her name reveal,
Till such her rank and family she prove,
That e'en young Fashion need not blush t'approve,
In haste withdrawing his obedient eyes,
Veils admiration in a deep disguise.
But other thoughts usurp the goddess' breast,—
Her ear hath caught the whisp'ring hope, confest
With anxious fear by ev'ry beauteous fair,
That Almack's triumphs each this night may share.
Venus delays not, drawn by mortal steeds,
Onward through crowded streets her chariot speeds;

t Willis' halls she rests—her name declares,
ut at th' unwonted sound th' attendant stares,
egrets she makes her application late,
ut bears her name to where the conclave sate.
ust then came Fashion and his friend to call,
nd claim their tickets for th' ensuing ball;
hey saw poor Venus in her carriage wait
Vith anxious fear at Almack's dreaded gate,
She's vastly handsome," Fashion, yawning, cries.
True, 'pon my soul," his languid friend replies.
Vhen lo! her prospects at one blow to mar,
ame Willis forth!—she spied him from afar—
eathblow to all her hopes!—ill fated hour!—
printed notice—" 'Tis not in their pow'r
o grant the boon the trembling fair may claim,
ince neither list can show poor Venus' name;
nd all the ladies patronesses swore
hey ne'er had heard th' outlandish name before.
hey look'd the Peerage thro' from end to end,
ut found no traces of their upstart friend."

The spell is broke! each agonising word
Which fell from Willis' lips has Fashion heard,
And as with downcast look she turn'd aside,
From gazing heartless crowds her grief to hide,
From either eye the gath'ring tear to chase,
And hide the conscious blushes of disgrace,
That tinge *that* lovely cheek with roseate glow,
Which seeks concealment on a breast of snow,
Her utt'rance chok'd, so full her throbbing heart
She waves her hand in signal to depart,
And as her steeds the driver's lash obey,
She hears young Fashion laugh, and sneering say
" Fine eyes, 'pon honour! but I must declare
That novice cannot boast a high-bred air,
Some homespun damsel—country miss perchance
Whose low extraction, at a single glance,
Experienc'd eyes like ours must soon detect,
Beauty like hers would ne'er produce effect!"
No more the goddess heard—with speedy care
To shift the hateful scene her steeds prepare,

Whilst lovely Venus, all a prey to grief,
Sought in a flood of tears her heart's relief.
But all unus'd such harsh repulse t' endure,
For days the world's attractions vainly lure,
But tir'd at length of sad Seclusion's bow'r,
She tries once more her beauty's magic pow'r;
And now a better fate attends her pray'r—
A ticket calms the half desponding fair,
For Fashion's laws this night are laid aside,
And at the ball will Charity preside.
The toilet ended—reasonably late
The goddess hastens to th' expected fête;
But two long hours must run their tedious race,
Ere Fashion's vot'ries will the ball room grace:
At length they come—the cheerful flutes resound,
In circling cadence glides the dance around;
Venus alone, of all the motley crew,
Unnotic'd sat—save by th' untutor'd few,
Unfledg'd disciples—young in Fashion's school,
Untaught as yet to gaze and love by rule,

Whose feelings warm disown his sov'reign sway
And dare to melt 'neath Beauty's dazzling ray.
The music ceas'd—the dancers all dispers'd—
Still sanguine hopes in Venus' breast were nurse
Too fondly cherish'd—these must soon decay,
As now again the tuneful band shall play:
Once more the numbers form—the fatal rope,
In Venus' breast, has hush'd each faintest hope
O'ercome with sorrow—mortified—asham'd,
" And can it be," the Queen of Love exclaim'd,
" That I, to whom kind fate has richly giv'n
Unrival'd charms, the proudest boast of heaven,
Should here be doom'd, neglected and forlorn,
To sit the victim of terrestrial scorn ?"
So hard a fate her nature could not brook,
Her tender frame with pride and anguish shook
Apollo mark'd her grief, and from on high,
Chas'd the big tear that rose in either eye;
Downward he flew, on swiftest pinions borne,
To bid the Queen of Love no longer mourn.

From mortal eyes, in human garb conceal'd,
To Venus only stood the god reveal'd;
And as her eyes beheld the vision bright,
Shame, grief, and sorrow vanish'd at the sight!
The pearly tears forsook her radiant eye,
Her heaving bosom half forgot to sigh,
Her clouded brow its native calm resum'd,
And rosy smiles her lovely face illum'd,
As with unearthly grace they now prepare
The festive pleasures of the night to share,
As towards the crowded circle they advance,
Young Fashion mark'd them join the mazy dance;
"There goes," he cried, "that girl I can't endure,
But who's the youth her rustic charms allure?
A fine and graceful form, I must declare,
But then what mauvais ton!—observe his air;
Some lovesick village swain, I'll dare be sworn,
Who could not from his lovely maid be torn;
Within these walls his face I ne'er have seen,
They both might grace a dance upon the green;

Strength and agility he well may boast,
And she may claim to be the village toast—
But why on these my precious moments waste
I ne'er have met them in the halls of taste!"
So saying, Fashion vanish'd from their sight,
And seeks them vainly from that fatal night;
For great Apollo heard, with ear intent,
The senseless coxcomb all his folly vent,
And all his malice had with feelings borne,
Tho' ting'd with pity—not unmix'd with scorn
Till turning to the Queen of Love, he cries,
"Was it for *this* fair Venus left the skies?
Oh haste and leave a world where Fashion reigns,
And dooms his votaries to ceaseless pains,
On craving vanity for ever fed,
And doom'd to live—bereft of heart and head!
If such this mortal world, why linger here?
Together let us seek our native sphere,
Tow'rds the celestial courts together flee,
Which mourn their brightest ornament in thee!"

e said—and Venus, with the thought elate,
scends the glitt'ring car where Phœbus sate;
nd as with matchless speed they mount on high,
pollo breathes tow'rds earth one pitying sigh;
ut scornful smiles on Venus' features live,
or scarce can female beauty e'er forgive
he unpaid tribute of neglected charms;
ow wounded pride th' offended goddess arms,
nd schemes of vengeance in her bosom dwell,
s Venus bids th' ungrateful world farewell!
o heav'n's high throne with eager haste she flies,
And, oh forgive, ethereal Jove!" she cries,
The mad desire that led me forth to roam
rom this bless'd region—my immortal home!
oo late experience bid thy daughter mourn
er frailty rash—for *there*, despised—forlorn—
xpos'd to Fashion's false, capricious sway,
hose sov'reign dictates all the world obey,
y mournful days in disappointment pass'd,
ach night I wept with sorrow o'er the last!

Then oh, great Jove! accept my humble pray'r,
And let thy awful nod thy will declare;
Let Pride and Vanity on Fashion wait,
And blind Delusion be his wedded mate;
Let Vice and Falsehood on his steps attend,
And heartless Int'rest be his only friend;
For him let Hymen's torch be seen to blaze,
Unfed by Cupid's soul-inspiring rays;
Let mad Ambition fan the with'ring flame,
And dare to borrow Love's polluted name,
And e'en when prostrate in his holy fane,
Presume to take that sacred name in vain!"
Thus Venus spake!—assenting Jove replies—
And peals of thunder shake the vaulted skies!
The curse pronounc'd in that eventful hour,
On Fashion's vot'ries, still exerts its pow'r;
And mortals rue the day when mighty Jove
Reveng'd their insults to the Queen of Love!

May 12*th*, 1823.

ANTICIPATION;

OR,

COMING OUT.

---

clock struck ten as Flavia clos'd her book,
with a yawn the drawing-room forsook;
n with a lighter heart her chamber sought,
thus gave vent to one engrossing thought:
' eventful day's arriv'd—my birthday's past,
us be prais'd!—I'm seventeen at last!
orious prospect bursts upon my sight,
fills my soul with visions of delight!
w untried career before me lies,
st of lovers float before mine eyes;

The tender billet doux—the whisper'd vow—
A beauty's triumphs all await me now!
How have I sigh'd this blessed hour to see,
Which sets me thus from school-room trammels fr
And now, great goddess! list thy vot'ry's pray'r
Make my *début* thine own peculiar care.
And oh! at length on that eventful night,
When '*Melnotte*' shall with '*Maradan* unite,
Their utmost skill my triumph to effect,
Do thou in secret still their task direct;
When 'Cavalier' shall o'er my head preside,
Still in the '*crépé*' deign his hand to guide,
Place ev'ry flow'r; or if the '*Grecque*' I wear,
Give thy own classic '*tournure*' to my hair!
Thus deck'd by thee, I need no critics fear,
When arm'd for conquest I shall first appear;
Whilst crowds of '*modistes*' shall attend to see
A perfect model of their art in me!
Nor yet, great Venus! think thy work mature,
But now my '*succés*' at the ball secure.

Vouchsafe at Almack's to attend me still,
And guide my footsteps in my first quadrille;
Amidst the crowd my '*seduisantes*' protect,
Teach me to flirt my fan with due effect;
Th' attractive smile, the conq'ring glance supply,
Urge the soft whisper, prompt the quick reply.
Oh! how I long impatient for the hour
To make this first great trial of my pow'r!—
How can I e'er reward that tender care
Which crown'd each blessing when it made me fair!
If Beauty fail, each other gift is vain,
Rank, Wealth, and Talent follow in her train:
Confin'd no more to dull domestic Joy,
Pleasure and dress shall all my thoughts employ;
No clock shall warn me from the neighb'ring spire,
To dull repose, in sadness to retire,
Just at that hour which makes the town alive,
And Fashion's vot'ries at the ball arrive—

That social hour, which soon my heart sha
When crowds of lovers shall my charms co
Then, Venus, haste to crown thy suppliant'
Let me the triumphs of a Beauty share,
And my proud heart shall own the glory t
When thousands swear that Flavia is divi

London, 1830.

DISAPPOINTMENT;

OR,

THE LAST ALMACK'S.

"'Tis Wednesday night—come, Flavia, you'll be late;
Go—haste to dress—don't make the carriage wait.
At twelve o'clock the Almack's doors they close,"
(Her mother said) "and you've no time to lose;
I must for once to Lady Selburgh's go,
Though weekly ask'd—we've never been, you know."—
Flavia with slow reluctant step obey'd,
Her chamber sought, and bade them call her maid:

Time was, her little heart had proudly beat,
The very name of Almack's to repeat;
But now, alas! how chang'd!—'tis scarce a year
Since she commenc'd a Beauty's gay career;
The future seem'd to smile with promise bright—
Ball follow'd ball on each succeeding night;
In schemes of pleasure all the day was past
Till ev'ning came to crown her hopes at last!
Then to her toilet with delight she flew,
Its nightly task of pleasure to renew:
But now, alas! dejected there she sate,
And, tir'd of gaiety, bewail'd her fate!
Disgusted now with all that pleas'd before,
Those festive scenes can yield delight no more!
Their charm was novelty—that charm is dead!
And with it Flavia's brightest visions fled!
As Annette's entrance rous'd her from her trance,
She rais'd her eyes and cast a languid glance
On that lov'd mirror, now so hateful grown,
That once reflected charms, no more her own.

ırce in that alter'd image can she trace
faint resemblance of her former face!
ıat pallid cheek, that eye no longer bright,
espeak the vigils of too many a night:
hat listless form, those care-worn looks betray
ow vain the joys those festive halls convey!
Alas! whilst Flavia sigh'd, 'twas Annette's care
The toilet's thousand myst'ries to prepare:
The parted curtains of the silken bed
Show where the fan and perfum'd gloves are spread;
On the Parisian secretaire, hard by,
The shawl, the douillettes, and the boa lie;
The bouquet and the last new wreath are here,
The fairy shoes and cobweb stockings there.
On the pink toilet, next in order laid,
Are bracelets, sevignés, and rings display'd.
And now, th' important question to decide,
The armoire's folding doors are open'd wide:
Its secret stores reveal'd, afford a glance,
Had rous'd e'en Juliet from her death-like trance.

Now Annette fain her mistress' choice would know,
As side by side, display'd, in dazzling row,
Of ev'ry hue which can attract the eye,
"*Crêpe lisse*" with "*tulle*," "*Foulard*," with *satin*
vie.
"Alas!" poor Flavia cries—"I hate them all;
They each, too well, some cheerless night recall;
Choose as you list, I care not which I wear;
Come, haste to dress this odious weight of hair!"
"Ma foi, Ma'am'selle," astonish'd Annette cries—
"Mais qu'a-t-elle donc?" the tears are in her
eyes;
"Avec un pareil choix, how can you sigh?
Such charmantes '*imbécilles*,' and yet you cry!"
But all her eloquence was lost in air!
She could not rouse her mistress from despair!
Unmov'd she sate, to discontent a prey,
Whilst the loquacious Annette talk'd away.
To her the toilet's ev'ry care resign'd,
For spleen had gain'd possession of her mind.

At length her mother and the carriage wait,
And Flavia hastens to th' expected fête!
There, crush'd in crowded rooms, oppress'd with heat,
A thousand tongues the selfsame words repeat—
"How hot the room! and what a dreadful crowd;
'Tis quite a mob! it should not be allow'd."
Again, the carriage call'd, they soon depart,
And now with furious pace for Almack's start;
As, just in time, they reach the closing string,
In Flavia's ears the hackney'd waltzes ring.
Now they advance with measur'd step and slow,
A sick'ning jolt arrests their progress now.
At length arriv'd, so well each face he knows,
Willis scarce heeds the ticket as he bows.
And as they enter now the well known scene
Where sixty apes the roses of fifteen,
Full many a pallid daughter lines the room,
Whose mother's cheeks might shame a Hebe's bloom.

Now, on her well known bench is Flavia plac'd,
That bench so oft her beauteous form hath grac'd;
Myriads of dandies pass—her hand they claim—
Diff'ring in name alone, all else the same.
She joins the dance, and fain would now beguile
Her secret sorrows 'neath a borrow'd smile;
Her num'rous partners strive with converse gay,
Each in his turn, to drive her gloom away:
Some praise the beauties, some the band admire,
And some to softer themes her charms inspire.
But, sick at heart, from all alike she flies,
Their smiles as little welcome as their sighs!
Till quite exhausted, from the trifling crowd
She longs the anguish of her heart to shroud.
At length the tea-room unobserv'd she gain'd;
And, unmolested there, in peace remain'd.
Left to herself, and free from all control,
She vented thus her bitterness of soul:—
"Oh how I hate each hackney'd well known face
Which haunts me weekly in this cheerless place;

ere youth is solemn, age is flippant grown,
nd none appear in colours of their own:
ith pompous air incipient lords begin
engraft the grandsire on the beardless chin,
hilst many an ancient coxcomb plays the fool,
nd skips and capers like a boy from school;
ere, mothers, striving to be youthful still,
ance with their daughters in the same quadrille,
nd struggle hard to pass for beauties yet,
n spite of years, which they alone forget.
uch buoyant spirits and such childish tricks
re worse than levity at forty-six!
he practis'd smile, which once might boast a grace,
ecomes a wrinkle in an aged face,
nd e'en as beacon lights more clearly show
he ghastly forms of many a wreck below,
o wreaths of roses, twin'd in locks of gray,
erve but as signals pointing to decay;
las! how strangely was my heart deceiv'd,
hat once so firmly in these joys believ'd;

But now in Folly's train unpleas'd I mix,
Without *one* object where a heart could fix;
Whilst mind and body pant alike for rest,
By weight of pleasures vanquish'd and opprest!"
Thus Flavia said, and when the break of day
Began to warn the motley crowd away,
As round her snowy neck her shawl she cast,
"Thank Heav'n," she cried, "this Almack's is the
last!"

London, 1830.

MATERNAL REMONSTRANCES

AT THE

CLOSE OF THE LONDON SEASON.

PRUDENTIA.

Since Time, alas! on swiftest pinion flies,
Why thus, Myrtilla, my advice despise?
'Tis five long seasons since you first came out,
Since first I took you to a ball or rout,
And yet, the victim of your own self will,
Here you remain, and are unmarried still!
Heav'n knows, the first, great object of my life
Is to behold my child a happy wife!
Yet whilst your int'rest haunts my nightly dreams,
You counteract my best imagin'd schemes.

New disappointments daily doom'd to bear,
At triumphs won by some less gifted fair;
Each week brings tidings of some happier maid,
Some ordered "*trousseau*," or some bride array'd;
Whilst you, regardless of a mother's pain,
Reject, alas! each offer with disdain!

MYRTILLA.

Nay, Madam, why for ever goad me thus?
Why should we still this hackney'd theme discuss
Reflect how oft in Holy Writ we hear
A duteous wife her husband should revere:
Before the altar, then, in conscience say,
How could I swear a simp'ring swain t' obey?
Or my rebellious heart submissive bring,
To love and honour some mustachio'd thing?
If Flavia choose to wed a titled fool,
Or Juliet love a boy just come from school;
If Pollio's gold can Chloe's heart ensnare,
And wake a sigh his hoarded wealth to share;

If Florio's rank can Lucia's soul inflame
Till she o'erlook his vices for his name;
Their varied fates could ne'er my envy move,
I will not marry where I cannot love!

PRUDENTIA.

'Tis ever thus, you frame some new pretence
T' excuse or justify your want of sense.
Romantic folly! love's an airy dream,
But rank and fortune must command esteem,
Could you but once these precious gifts obtain,
Each other good would follow in their train;
Still, if your childish fancy love to trace
The matchless feature and the form of grace,
Say wherefore now to Sylvio's merits blind?
There beauty, wealth, and birth are all combin'd.

MYRTILLA.

Sylvio has no defect of form or face,
But then he owns no thought beyond the chase;

To hounds and horns his heart and soul are giv'n,
The charms of *Melton* form his dreams of Heav'n!

PRUDENTIA.

If Sylvio fail to please, yet why again
Must good Simplicius plead his cause in vain?
'Tis true, no high born titles he may claim,
But wealth like his may triumph o'er a name.
Then, thoughtless girl, reflect ere you decide,
On all the splendour which awaits his bride!
Not Celia's jewels might with yours compare,
Your costlier pearls would drive her to despair:
House, servants, horses, all at your command;
You'd vie with all the nobles of the land.
With fashion's aid you'd trample o'er the proud
And nightly shine—the envy of the crowd!

MYRTILLA.

Alas! dear Madam, what can wealth avail
To cheer the breast, if true contentment fail?

How could these glitt'ring joys delight impart,
If 'neath their pride I bore a breaking heart?
Far diff'rent triumphs would my soul require,
I'd fain, when married, from the world retire,
Bid to its heartless joys a long farewell,
And fly to scenes where Peace and Virtue dwell:
There taste of bliss, which these alone can give;
There, fondly lov'd, and fondly loving—live!
Together rove where'er the Muses stray,
And cull the flow'rs they scatter by the way,
Whilst ev'ry kindlier feeling should unite
To charm the hours and cheat their rapid flight.
But vain the hope these finer joys to find
In dull Simplicius' lethargy of mind!
For taste and genius I'd resign a crown,
But life would stagnate with a country clown.

PRUDENTIA.

If taste and genius can your favour move,
Appius has both—then why reject his love?

MYRTILLA.

In him, 'tis true, the noblest talents shine,
And but for *one* defect, he were divine!
Oh why did Nature, when with magic care
She modell'd Appius to attract the fair,
In idle mood, ere half her task was done,
Leave in the midst a work so well begun,
And trust it rashly to her handmaid Art?
Who, lab'ring, strove unrivall'd grace t' impart,
But could not add that first—best gift—a *heart*

PRUDENTIA.

Alas! Myrtilla!—I lament to see—
'Tis vain to argue—we shall ne'er agree!
To change your purpose all my words wou
fail,
A mother's counsel is of no avail!
But much I fear you'll mourn, alas! too late,
You brav'd the sorrows of a single state,

ull unsocial life unblest you'll lead;
ne you'll smile—alone your heart will bleed,
:hout a friend to close your fading eye,
ov'd you'll live—and unregretted die!

London, 1829.

BELINDA'S LAMENTATIONS

AT

THE CLOSE OF THE LONDON SEASON.

'Tis dull September! and the town's asleep;
Say, what resource hath beauty but to weep?
Twas thus Belinda, to assuage her grief,
Invoked the aid of tears to her relief.
Oppress'd and mournful, on a couch reclin'd,
She loos'd the fillet that her locks confin'd,
Gaz'd with a sigh on that luxuriant hair,
And thus broke forth in accents of despair:—
"Ah! what are ringlets, when the season's o'er,
And gazing lovers pace the streets no more!
The park's deserted—not a carriage there,
Nor ling'ring horseman, nor pedestrian fair,

Nor cab, whose lounging tenant half conceal'd,
Leaves the pale yellow glove alone reveal'd.
Hour after hour, from this balcony's height,
I gaze in vain—no dandy cheers my sight!
Deserted e'en is yonder gay hotel,
That favour'd porch, by idlers lov'd so well;
These, thro' my glass, I could with ease survey,
Learnt whose the chestnut horse, and whose the gray;
But now they're fled—and painful to my sight
Is grown each vestige of the year's delight.
Oh! how I hate each wreath, and ev'ry flow'r,
Which grac'd my triumph in a happier hour;
In *this* I conquer'd Silvio—*that* I wore,
When Florio on his knees profess'd t' adore;
For two long hours he strove my heart to move,
The walls reecho'd to his vows of love!
And then so softly he for pity sued,
His eloquence well nigh my heart subdued:
Dear happy days of admiration flown,
Why am I doom'd to sit and weep alone?

No choice remains but here to live unseen,
Or change this desert for some rural scene:
Oh, sad alternative! for well I know
The human weeds that in those landscapes grow.
Lisette! come fling the rouge-pots in the fire,
Who'd paint to please the parson and the squire?
These hapless charms once buried in the shade,
Neglected—wasted—soon, alas! will fade.
What eyes would care their radiance to retain,
For the poor conquest of some village swain?
Why did the graces mould my form with care,
And bid my charms surpass each mortal fair?
A foot, that e'en might Hebe's envy move,
Features, that well might grace the Queen of Love!
Oh! why did heav'n vouchsafe me *two* such eyes,
And teach me early all its gifts to prize,
If six long months of every year I'm doom'd
To live in rural solitudes entomb'd?
Oh! for a town, where thro' the live-long year
Pleasure untired pursues her gay career,

ere no dull limits mark the season's end,
twelve long months into one season blend.
House of Commons makes our dinners late,
balls are ruin'd by a dull debate,
fav'rite partners leave the fair forlorn,
ilst they attend the house to vote on *corn;*
ere men alone our social converse seek,
care for cause of Catholic or Greek;
ere e'en Newmarket reckon'd out of vogue,
an of fashion need not be a rogue!
ne laws abolish'd, and field sports put down,
men have no excuse for leaving town;
where devoted to the fair alone,
ing and politics are themes unknown."
s poor Belinda said—and worn with care,
droop'd her head, and gently slumber'd there
. in her sleep pursued the flatt'ring theme,
n woke—and wept to find 'twas all a dream!

Sept. 1828.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ALBUM.

A LADY'S ANSWER TO A POET'S ADDRESSES.

How little you know what *my* heart would require,
When you offer me yours, which the Muses inspire!
He wants not a *wife*, who a poet would be,
For genius should still be unfetter'd and free!
How could I expect, that domestic and steady,
You'd descend from Parnassus when breakfast was ready,
Exchange your ambrosia for luncheon and me,
Or return at fix'd hours to your dinner and tea?
That, accustom'd to taste of the Castaly stream,
You'd descend all at once to milk, sugar, and cream,
And the waters of Helicon gladly resign
For th' unhallow'd delights of a glass of port wine?

Nor longer aloft on your Pegasus soar,
When the groom brought your riding-horse round
to the door,
But for horses with saddles quit those that have
wings,
And abandon them both when the supper bell rings;
And then still unrepining, contentedly flee
From the haunts of the Graces to wander with me!
Could I hope, that accustom'd to sallies of wit,
From the lips of "*the Nine*," you to mine could
submit,
Or with patience attend to domestic concerns,
Whilst the Muses and Graces thus woo'd you by
turns?
No!—whilst hourly seduc'd by the charmers above,
You would look with contempt on dull conjugal
love!
Then if such be the doom of the wife of a bard,
For ever such thoughts from my breast I'll discard;
Man's nature, we know, is inconstant and proud,
E'en when but with moderate genius endow'd,

Then imagine how faithful a husband y
When the heights of Parnassus reecho'd
As you ventur'd in turn the fair sisters
Whom those classical haunts ever gave t
No! believe me—of all our misfortune
Is a husband, with genius for poetry cu
For poets were ever, and still are the s
Things that live but in eager pursuit of
As by vanity led, or by levity sway'd,
Or by flights of irregular genius betray
Averse to restraint, and regardless of l
Indiff'rent to all but the love of applau
They barter their happiness, fortune, a
And sacrifice truth for the sake of a rh

Sandgate, Nov. 1824.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY

ON

HER BIRTHDAY.

FROM HER MAIDEN AUNT, MISS GRISELDA SINGLEHEART.

WHILST I hail the return of your birthday with joy,
I regret with gay feelings to mingle alloy;
Still, by duty compell'd, I, your good to promote,
A few moments shall now to your service devote;
Whilst I solemnly warn you, my thoughtless young friend,
Your life to reform, and your manners to mend.
Too many, alas! are the years you have been
Devoted to pleasure—a victim to spleen;
Your days but one round of vain folly and pride,
Where enjoyment has e'er with regret been allied:

It is time such intemperate pastimes should cease,
And give place to a life of reflection and peace.
No longer the circles of fashion frequent,
But seek in domestic retirement content:
Your rouging and waltzing and flirting give o'er,
And think of such wild dissipation no more;
Drive Rossini and Malibran out of your head;
Leave your harp and guitar for your needle and thread;
Renounce poetry's charms and its foolish conceits,
To study in future the book of receipts;
Change your silk and merinos for homelier stuff,
And let "collets" give place to the statelier "ruff;"
And thus humbly adorn'd, on your duties intent,
With your eyes on the ground, or your spinning-wheel bent,
Your domestic concerns all your thoughts shall employ,
And the praise of good housewives shall crown you with joy.

For at *six* to the dairy you'll daily repair,
For your breakfast the butter and cream to prepare;
And at *seven* the kitchen and larder inspect,
And the choicest provision for dinner select;
Then at *eight* scold the housemaids, and when it strikes *ten*,
'Twill be time to find fault in their turn with the men;
Then down to your work at eleven you'll sit,
You'll embroider till three—and till five you will knit;
Then the fruit for the ev'ning repast you'll prepare,
And at length to the school in the village repair,
There, to ev'ry good scholar distribute a prize,
And the dunce and the indolent help to chastise,
Till elate with the thought, at your home you'll arrive,
That morality's cause thro' your efforts shall strive.
Thus in you, my dear girl, we may hope to behold
A revival of all the good manners of old.

Indulging this fond expectation to day,
For the part that in future I trust you will play,
I've endeavour'd a suitable gift to select,
Then do not this rational counsel reject;
But haste the contents of this box to explore,
Where enclos'd you will find a most plentiful store
Of worsted—that soon shall your fingers alert,
By means of four pins, into stockings convert,
With which you may thus, if with zeal you apply,
Both yourself and your friends thro' the winter supply;
And now with this tribute permit me to end,
With the fervent petition, that you, my young friend,
Many happy returns of your birthday may see,
With your *heart* and your *hand* still unfetter'd and free.

Paris, Dec. 1825.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

CONDEMN'D to write—what subject shall I choose
That whining songsters have not tried before?
Tried and exhausted, till the hackney'd Muse
Vows she will lend her tuneful aid no more.

Now moving only 'neath his rider's lash,
Tir'd Pegasus disturbs the tranquil air,
And whilst his load foretells the coming trash,
He lifts his humbled pinions in despair!

Compell'd to bend beneath th' oppressive weight
Of spurious bards, who claim poetic fire,
Till they discern (alas! for us too late)
They took a bagpipe for Apollo's lyre!

Yet rival Sapphos emulate their lays,
And whilst around unmeaning sweetness flows,
We're doom'd to read, in these degen'rate days,
Soft melting sonnets to a wither'd rose!

Thoughts on a daisy, or a female friend;
Lines to a lap-dog, or a captive hare,
So purely simple, all at once contend,
The lovely poetess is pictur'd there.

Oh! should such bards in future times aspire
To be by new "Agricola's*" design'd,
Each with the object that awak'd his lyre,
To themes deem'd worthy of th' inspirer's mind,

* Agricola (a Roman painter) is at this moment composing four pictures of the *four* poets of Italy, with the ladies who inspired their writings.—*Rome*, 1822.

The artist sure would choose, 'midst nature's field,
That parent bird, which erst their quills had grac'd,
Whose mind and nature, both alike reveal'd,
Breathe thro' each line their teeming pens have trac'd.

Then wherefore write? since I their fate may share,
Condemn'd to see my gabbling neighbour near,
Or hear it with officious zeal declare,
That I have cause their just retorts to fear.

Rome, April, 1822.

ANSWER

TO

"POPE'S CHARACTERS OF WOMEN."

You say, that women are devoid of *mind*—
This bold assertion only proves you blind:
Proclaim us trifling—vain—whate'er you please—
We can defend our injur'd cause with ease;
We ask no advocate our rights to plead,
Truth is our champion in the hour of need!
Learn first then, sir, that 'tis to men we owe
Our love of pleasure, and our love of show!
By your example we are taught to prize
Those charms alone which live in radiant eyes.
A taste for study you at once deride,
And teach us all to deck the mere outside;

You value not the talents of the mind;
But whilst to all attractions you are blind,
Save those of form, of feature, and of face,
An idiot charms you if she move with grace!
Fine eyes are courted, and each senseless word
The nymph may speak is still with rapture heard!
Mark with what eager haste each list'ning swain,
Catches th' effusion of her empty brain;
Whilst Emma, blest with ev'ry talent rare,
May speak in vain—she's neither young nor fair—
Applauding crowds on pretty Julia wait,
Tho' wit and judgment were denied by Fate;
You sit contented Flavia's song to hear,
Tho' her false notes offend the wounded ear;
Whilst Myra tunes her sounding lyre in vain—
Unheard, unminded—for poor Myra's plain.
Then next you deprecate our love of sway,
Yet take good care to teach us to obey,
And nip our fav'rite passion in the bud,
Unchang'd your tyrant nature since the flood!

Poor hapless victims of your sov'reign will,
Since talents fail, and learning's vainer still,
To make us lovely in your fickle eyes,
Since they no other charms than beauty prize,
Why should you marvel, that with prudent care
To shun your censure, and your praise to share,
Since in vain follies you alone delight,
We fly from books to make our eyes more bright!
Content to yield to our unhappy fate,
And by submission to avoid your hate;
We call to aid each trivial charm anew,
To please the tyrant whom we can't subdue,
Thus, strive to ease the burden of our yoke,
And loose the halter, ere our necks are broke.
Tho' vain th' attempt your nature to reform,
We may at least seek shelter from the storm.
Learn, then, your own behaviour to amend,
In you let merit ever find a friend,
Give to each mental grace its balance due,
Nor bear *us* envy when we rival *you!*

Then you'll behold—Oh! transmigration strange!
That we from puppets shall to beings change,
Endow'd with reason, and with wit adorn'd,
Till scarce you'll recognise the sex you scorn'd!
Whilst your bright talents, with our charms combin'd,
Will leave no doubt if "woman" boasts a "mind."

Tunbridge Wells, June, 1819.

A RECEIPT

FOR

WALTER SCOTT'S NOVELS.

TAKE a pirate, an outlaw, a smuggler, or thief,
With a crazy old witch, who disclaims all belief,
And a dwarf or a publican, drunk day and night;
An old tutor, a sandy-hair'd, half-witted sprite;
With a poet, who racks his dull brain for a jest,
Yet has none to produce, or a stale one at best;
Two heroines, diff'ring in mind and in face,
That a pensive-eyed muse, *this* a Hebe or Grace;
That, with dignified aspect, majestic and tall,
With her ebony ringlets, that wave as they fall;

This, with smiles on her lip, and with love in her eyes,
Not less perfect in form, tho' less noble in size;
That, a compound of sentiment, courage, and mind;
This, lively, compassionate, artless, and kind:
With a stingy old hag, loving nothing but pelf,
And whose system of starving extends to herself;
A barren brown heath—a steep cliff or a bay,
With unprincipled wretches who'll murder for pay;
A gallant young hero—bold, gen'rous, and brave,
To rival the rebel or gentleman knave.
Each regarding the other with hatred and strife,
And yet risking existence to purchase his life!
Th' introductory volume, profuse in detail,
Whilst some half-dozen lines serve to wind up the tale;
These, plac'd in right order, with dialect hoarse,
A wild mixture of Saxon, Dutch, Highland, and Norse,

Yield a recipe true for our author's romance;
Intermix'd, as we view them, with happiest chance,
With some touches of feeling, descriptions so true,
As may rival e'en Nature itself in our view!
And with characters acting so noble a part,
As do honour alike to his head and his heart!

Meaux, May 24, 1822.

PRUDERY.

Oh! defend me from that dull insensible soul
Who was never to feeling betray'd;
But whose sentiments, all under rigid control,
By the laws of cold custom are sway'd.

In whose bosom a dragon of watchfulness reigns,
All emotions of pity to guard,
Lest a tear be seduc'd by the passionate strains
Of some tender and eloquent Bard.

Whose well order'd mind no compassion will own
For the sorrows which frailty may share,
Nor thinks Virtue can dwell but in ramparts of stone,
And beholds in all softness a snare!

The sight of the suff'rer, distracted with care,
But to moral reflections gives rise,
Whilst 'twill answer the heart-rending cries of
Despair
With a volume of frigid advice!

If some bosom less icy—some loftier mind—
Should e'er venture in regions to soar,
Where their thoughts uncontrol'd—by no limits
confin'd—
May at will their new precincts explore,

Those cold sons of earth, who declare it their pride,
From the old beaten track ne'er to stray,
Those flights and those raptures of Fancy deride,
Which their dullness forbids them t'essay.

If of natures so icy—each varied degree
On a Fahrenheit's scale we could draw,
Their *temp'rate* would but with his *zero* agree,
And their *blood-heat* scarce rise to a *thaw!*

Balcombe, 1827.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

HYMEN complains to Love, one day,
(Perplex'd what cause t' assign),
That swains and maidens cease to pay
Their homage at his shrine.

" The fault is thine," thus Hymen says,
" Thy darts I fain would swear
Are blunt, else wherefore, now a days,
Are marriages so rare?"

" The fault," says Cupid " 's none of mine,
My darts are still the same;
If vot'ries cease to grace your shrine,
The alter'd fashions blame.

" Since gentle swains' and maidens' hearts
Were far less tough of old,
To wound them now, my little darts
Must all be tipp'd with *gold!*"

1819.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN Julia's reprov'd for the murderous use
Which she makes of her beautiful eyes,
The volatile fair one thus pleads her excuse,—
"Why, 'Killing's no Murder,'" she cries.

But the victims exclaim, whom her eyes have undone
(Though they vainly for mercy besought her),
"If your crime is not murder, at least you must own,
We may bring in the verdict—Manslaughter."

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 22, 1824.

EPIGRAM.

ou ask why Love matches so seldom take place;
answer at once that 'tis quite a clear case,
or *Dandies* and *Belles* wear their corsets so tight,
he heart can't perform its own functions aright.

London, 1818.

THE MAGIC OF A NAME.

Clodio, renown'd for wit and humour gay,
Was ask'd by Stephano to meet one day
A party of their mutual friends to dine:
Good cheer was promis'd, and well flavour'd wine!
Clodio agrees—the day and hour they name—
And strictly punctual to the time he came.
But shrewdly guessing at his friend's intent,
And to defeat his purpose firmly bent,
Whilst from their lips incessant questions flow,
His answers fluctuate 'twixt Yes! and No!—
The dinner o'er, contented they retire,
And Clodio's fund of humour *all* admire.

"I hear," says Martial, "you yourself surpass'd,
The other night at Stephano's repast."
"Indeed, my friend! where will not Fancy go?
To all they said—I answer'd Yes! and No!"

1819.

EPIGRAM ON JOHN BOURNE,

TOLL-KEEPER OF THE GATE IN THE VICINITY OF THE NORFOLK ARMS, BALCOMBE.

If you question John Bourne, wherefore early and late
At the Norfolk Arms ever he's drinking,
Regardless of those who may pass through his gate,
Unconcern'd he'll reply—"Why, I'm thinking,
That since for the good of the 'Publick,' are taken
The tolls at the Turnpike, 'tis clear
That I can't, please your worship, be greatly mistaken,
In spending its profits on 'Beer.'"

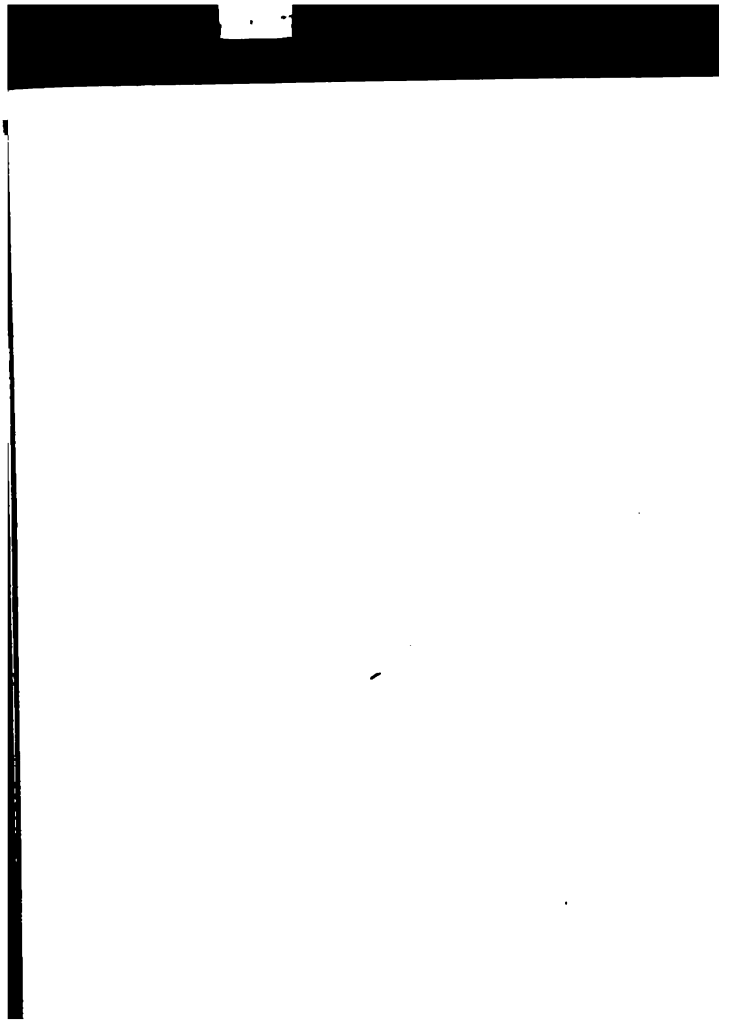
Balcombe, 1828.

THE END.

CHISWICK:—PRINTED BY C. WHITTINGHAM.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY E. S. L.



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:SCELLANEOUS POEMS.

DEDICATED TO

JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ.

BY E. S. [illegible], [illegible] Co

NOT PUBLISHED.

1832.

NEW YORK

LONDON:

IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

TO JOSEPH JEKYLL, ESQ.

If wit, that charm'd my infant ears,
With ceaseless, bright, and sportive play,
If friendship, prov'd from earliest years,
May wake the tributary lay,
Fain would my grateful voice record
Those blissful hours, by genius blest,
When erst you cheer'd my father's board,
A brilliant and a valued guest.

And if, in after years, I found
New cause that kindly heart to praise,
Which, as thy lightnings glanc'd around,
Still bade their flashes harmless blaze,
A faithful vot'ry at thy shrine,
I dare to urge th' aspiring claim,
Which bids these humble off'rings shine
With borrow'd light from Jekyll's name.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Jane Grey's Letter to Lord Guilford Dudley	1
ostman	10
ption of an Old Man in the Abbey Church at Malvern	15
ecluse—a Fragment	17
m at Pisa	22
oys	25
li Gaeta	28
ssed to Lady F. M.	30
ssed to Italy	31
ffects of Absence	35
ssed to Mrs. H. G——n, on the Birth of her second Daughter	38
dy on my dear Father, Edward Lord Ellenborough	40
18 and 1819	44
e Death of E. A. Towry	45
tions on a Life of Dissipation	47
cholv Thoughts at Pisa	49
vell to London	53
ait of Lady ——	56

	Page
Thérèse	61
Lines addressed to F. S. L.	63
On the Death of Lord Byron	65
On hearing of the Death of "Riego."	70
Addressed to F. H. L. when she completed her seventeenth year	71
Thérèse	74
Lines supposed to be addressed by Corinne to Lord Nelvil, on returning the Ring	75
Alvina	77
The Favourite of Nature	79
The Preference of Feeling over Talent	82
The Preference of Beauty, as the result of Feeling, over that arising from extreme Youth	84
Translated from the Italian of Serafino Aquilano	87
Translation of a Song written by a French Sergeant on the Campaign in the Morea, 1828	91
Stanzas for Music	97
To Lord S——th	101
Stanzas for Music	107

LADY JANE GREY'S LETTER TO LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

Refusing his request to see her on the morning of their Execution.

It must not—cannot be—thy wish is vain,
In this dark world we may not meet again!
But *one* short hour remains—one struggle more,
And all our earthly trials will be o'er!
How hard the strife hath been, He only knows,
Who lends me strength to bear this final close,
How oft, alas! this young rebellious heart,
All unprepared to act the hero's part,
Hath dar'd to murmur at the stern decree,
And fondly—wildly—clung to life and thee!

Forgive me, Heav'n! if not entirely thine,
I could not thus, love, hope, and life resign,
Without the tribute of some foolish tears,
Wrung from a wife's despair—a woman's fears;
If, O how fondly! I have lov'd to dwell
On past delights—remembered but too well,—
Liv'd o'er again those dear—those blissful hours,
When all the joys of youth and love were ours,
Till wrought to madness, my distemper'd brain
Hath e'en presum'd thy justice to arraign,
And almost durst that mercy to deny,
Which doom'd a heart—so young—so blest—to die!

Lov'd Sion! thou canst tell how, day by day,
Beneath thy well-known shades we used to stray;
How oft we lingered in thy myrtle bowers,
Yet gave not all to love those valued hours;

Rich in the treasured themes of classic lore,
Thy converse taught my youthful mind to soar;
To climb the hill of science, and pursue
The muse's flow'ry paths, for ever new.
Fir'd with the wish to merit love like thine,
No task, no toil, could baffle zeal like mine;
Still taught by thee, I turn'd the classic page,
And arts and letters charm'd my tender age;
To me no joys could youthful sports impart,
Thine image reign'd unrivall'd in my heart;
By love alone impell'd, I ask'd no bays,
I sought no laurels but a husband's praise:
Urg'd by no hope—no feverish thirst of fame—
I breath'd no wish t' immortalize my name!
Woe to that hour, when mad ambition's call
Resounded first through Sion's peaceful hall;
When Suffolk, urg'd by thine ambitious sire,
To England's throne first bade his child aspire;

Heav'n knows how oft—how fervently I pray'd
They would not drag me from the grateful shade,
Nor force their daughter with reluctant hand
To grasp the doubtful sceptre of the land!
How long Northumberland implored in vain—
Entreated—menac'd—threaten'd o'er again;
How long I wrestled with his stubborn will—
Vain all my prayers, my tears yet vainer still,
And when at length, on ev'ry side assail'd,
A parent's influence o'er my heart prevail'd—
When filial duty, urg'd beyond controul,
First wrung the weak compliance from my soul,
Thou saw'st the bitter flood of tears I shed—
Thou knew'st in secret, how my bosom bled;
Whilst my presaging heart, in wild despair,
Could only vent its agonies in pray'r!

Alas! how short the interval between
The captive rebel, and th' anointed queen!

How near allied, my short-liv'd pow'r hath shown,
The traitor's dungeon to the monarch's throne!
No more of this—since now condemn'd to die,
I fain would meet my fate without a sigh!
And meekly bending 'neath the Chast'ner's rod,
Prepare my parting soul to meet her God!
O if to him my ev'ry thought be giv'n—
If my firm faith and hope have rest in Heav'n,
Religion's aid shall moral force supply,
And teach a trembling woman how to die!
With tranquil pulse shall nerve her feeble heart,
In her last hour to act the hero's part!
Fir'd with the thought—e'en now—e'en now I feel
A holier fervour through my bosom steal,
So soon to soar beyond the world's control,—
A martyr's raptures elevate my soul!
No chilling dread, no doubting fears are mine,
My heart undaunted, waits th' appointed sign;

And when with solemn sound, the deep-ton'd bell
Shall warn me to the block—that fatal knell,
That harbinger of death, shall only prove
A welcome summons to the realms above!
This blood, this guiltless blood, so soon to flow,
With livelier transport in my veins shall glow;
E'en as to Heav'n my eyes, my heart, I raise,
Then on the deadly axe triumphant gaze,
A Saviour's aid—a Saviour's name invoke,
And bare my neck to meet the fatal stroke!

O then! since thus resign'd to yield my breath,
My chasten'd spirit calmly looks on death,
Why should we meet? What can it now avail,
Our latest hour with tempting strife to assail?
O why each agonizing pang renew?
Why dash each glorious prospect from my view?
Why wake again the murmur scarce forgiv'n,
Or chain to earth—a spirit wing'd for heav'n?

The parting scene, alas! would only prove
The heart that fear'd not death—might melt to love!
One fond embrace would call me back to life,
And all the Christian vanish in the wife!
Whilst gazing wildly on that dear loved face,
How would my beating heart the past retrace!
One fatal hour might heav'nly dreams dispel,
And bid my wav'ring heart once more rebel;
One tender smile would make me thine again,
And prove each late resolve, each struggle, vain!
Might rouse th' unhallow'd sigh—the vain regret—
Recalling all—the dying should forget;
Religion's self too weak a shield might be,
The heart which brav'd the axe—might yield to thee!

Then let us meet no more! 'twere worse than vain
To stir the tempest of our souls again!

'Twere wiser far, to give to pray'r alone
Those few brief hours we yet may call our own.
Then may we fondly hope—our sins forgiv'n—
Our souls releas'd may wing their flight to heav'n!
Till death alone we part!—a moment's space,
And we shall meet before the Throne of Grace!
That fatal stroke which ends our brief career,
Confirms our union in a worthier sphere;
'Tis but one bitter pang—that moment o'er,
No vengeful tyrant shall divide us more;
Pride—hate—ambition—all must yield their sway
To that dread power whom nature's laws obey;
His voice divine shall sanctify our love,
Refin'd and purified in realms above!
Of saints and angels there, a glorious band,
With golden censers round the throne shall stand!
From burning incense fragrant fumes shall rise,
And clouds of wreathing smoke pervade the skies;

raphs with golden wings shall fan the flame,
ıd loudly shout their great Creator's name;
hilst heav'n's high vaults with sacred echoes ring,
ı countless millions hail th' Eternal King!

June, 1830.

THE POSTMAN.

With beating heart, and trembling hope elate,
The youthful Lucy at her casement sate,
Full to her view the neighbouring hamlet rose,
Whose modest spire the circling trees enclose,
The moss-grown pathway winds the yews among,
And skirts the church with clust'ring ivy hung;
Death's grey memorials thickly studded round,
Tell who repose beneath each grassy mound;
These to the heart their solemn warning strike,
Here youth and age may read their fate alike!
Yet, in the spring of life, unus'd to ill,
Deluded mortals cling to pleasure still,

Still in the future trust—o'erlook the past,
Nor dream their sunny skies shall e'er o'ercast;
Onward they press, till, with resistless force,
The grave alone can check their madd'ning course!
This very hour, there breathes a gentle heart,
To whom these solemn scenes no gloom impart,
On one deep feeling all her soul intent,
Her speaking eyes are on that pathway bent—
But say—what means this tumult in her breast?
On whom do those dark eyes with fervour rest?
Nay—'tis not fondness—'tis the eager gaze,
Which doubt and ardent hope alone can raise;
No form belov'd those radiant orbs arrest,
Would *his* were near to calm that troubled breast!
Whose tardy footsteps doth that sigh reprove?
It chides the ling'ring messenger of love;
"Alas!" she cries—"and whence this sad delay,
Why fails he in his 'custom'd rounds to day?"

But now, at length, she thinks, with measur'd pace,
His dark'ning shadow on that path to trace,
"He comes! he comes!" th' enraptur'd Lucy cries,
And in her breast a thousand visions rise!
He nears the gate—athwart his shoulder borne
His 'custom'd satchell, negligently worn;
Oh! what a motley crowd of smiles and tears,
For many a heart all unconcern'd he bears—
What dreams of bliss! what agonizing pain,
What blighted hopes those various scrolls contain!
How many a gentle bosom soon shall bleed,
O'er the sad tale it longs, yet fears, to read!
With trembling grasp shall break the fatal seal,
Where some few lines the worst of woes reveal,
By dark foreboding fears already guess'd,
Whilst the first glance too well confirms the rest!
And now the fainting form, and wild despair,
May tell what vital hopes lay shiver'd there!

Say, what is Lucy's fate?—with lips apart—
With quick drawn breath, and wildly throbbing heart,
She lists the 'custom'd signal to await—
Hark! no! he comes not—heavens! he past the gate;
And can it be? And doth no hope remain?
And hath each anxious wish been nurs'd in vain?
"Alas!" she cries, "is this the blissful day
I vainly hop'd would every care repay?
Is this that hour my heart hath longed to see—
That look'd for dawn of promis'd bliss to me?
And hath it ris'n, at length, with roseate hue,
But to defraud each hope my bosom knew?
How have I pray'd that Time, with swifter wing,
Would haste his flight Love's tender scroll to bring?
But now I fain could wish his course more slow,
Had still delay'd to teach me all my woe.

Doom'd to neglect, a prey to anxious pain,
Heart sick'ning sorrow chills thro' ev'ry vein!"
Thus Lucy said—when lo! her colour fails,
And a faint tremor through her limbs prevails,
Her quiv'ring lip, her half closed eyes, betray
That her weak frame must yield to feeling's sway,
A death-like paleness reigns upon her brow,
All nature's functions seem suspended now:
At length a sigh, as though her heart had burst,
Breaks from her tight-bound breast,—'twas then that first
She op'd her languid eyes, and gaz'd around—
And e'en as if that effort had unbound
Nature's best aid and soother of our grief,
Tears came at length to grant their kind relief,
And ease the burden of that breast forlorn,
Long doom'd, alas! o'er faithless love to mourn.

DESCRIPTION OF AN OLD MAN,

IN THE ABBEY CHURCH AT MALVERN.

With trembling gait, and languid form he came,
And 'gainst that column leant his feeble frame,
Scarce could his aged limbs their burden bear,
To keep his sabbath in the house of prayer,
Yet would he still, by one last effort, prove
The christian tribute of his faith and love!
As tho' he to his Maker fain would give
The little all of life he had to live.
Upon that hollow cheek and sunken eye,
There dwelt a something that can never die!
That holy aspect to a spirit giv'n,
That vibrates on the verge of earth and heav'n!

That smile triumphant o'er terrestrial pain,
Secure in Christ immortal bliss to gain;
Now tremulously weak he strives to raise
His feeble voice in heavenly notes of praise;
But vain, alas! each faint attempt he made,
Exhausted nature still refused her aid!
Deeply he sigh'd—but check'd the starting tear,
Nor did one murmuring plaint arrest the ear;
One hectic flush, that lit his pallid cheek,
The transient combat of his soul might speak,
O'er which, if earth had yet one moment's sway,
The next his spirit chas'd that gloom away,
As with uplifted heart to Heav'n he pray'd,
And "May thy will be done!" devoutly said.

THE RECLUSE,

A FRAGMENT.

For pity's sake, forbear—nor ask the woes
Which mark'd a wretched life that soon must close!
Griefs which embitter'd all my earliest days,
And chang'd for cypress—laurel wreaths and bays;
These, these it was, that in an evil hour,
Mov'd my rash purpose with resistless power,
Madly to risk my all of earthly bliss
For dreams of peace—for solitude like this!
Here ev'ry object that arrests my eyes,
Bids my regrets in mournful train arise:
The warbling birds that sport on yonder tree
Awaken all my woes, for they are free—

The sportive kids that rambling stray from home,
Make my heart weep, that I no more may roam:
The lively tenants of earth, air, and sea,
All speak of liberty, and point at—me!
Each hour, that slowly drags its lengthening chain
Wakes a faint hope that does but mock my pain;
First bids me weep, then says my tears are vain,
Fix'd is my fate, nor hopes of change remain!
Patience and time, which to each other ill
Bring sure relief, my cup of sorrow fill!
With blighted hopes the setting sun I see,
The dawn may rise but all in vain for me;
No bright'ning prospects can the future yield,
Life is a blank, my wretched doom is seal'd,
And that which weighs the heaviest on my heart,
Is that 'neath self-created wounds I smart;
Forc'd by no cruel friends to speak the vows
Which lips pronounce, but conscience disallows,

'Twas *I* alone who doom'd my life's decline
Within Camaldule's walls immur'd to pine,
'Twas I that to my aged heart denied
The dear delights to social bliss allied;
And banish'd far from ev'ry human eye,
Unwept—unpitied—here at length must die!
My languid eyes no anxious friends shall close,
Nor flowers upon my grave with care dispose;
Far from the land interr'd which gave me birth,
By captive brethren grudg'd this mound of earth,
Which, from the narrow precincts of their field,
To my cold ashes they reluctant yield;
No proud inscription shall my name disclose,
No marble tell whose bones may here repose;
But by the world forgotten or despised,
That vainly warn'd—in vain, alas! advis'd:
Whilst on my mould'ring limbs the worms shall prey,
My name and mem'ry shall alike decay.

Nor these alone the griefs at which I pine,
Tho' these might break a stouter heart than mine,
No! that which points more sure the fatal dart,
Which strikes the deadliest dagger to my heart,
Is that this sacrifice no merit pleads,
Sloth and seclusion are no Christian deeds.
This exile warring against common sense,
Argues no virtue, but a new offence,
Condemn'd by him whom heav'n and earth obey,
Unlike the doctrine which his words convey,
Where active virtue forms the mighty plan,
And social charity 'twixt man and man—
Where shall I find a solace to my woes?
How check the tide of sorrow as it flows?
Against all precepts human and divine,
E'en to the latest hour of life's decline,
Ne'er shall I cease that madness to deplore,
By which, self-exil'd on a foreign shore,

No hope remains, but in my God above,
Who blends with justice, lenity and love—
From Him alone my bleeding heart shall crave
Pardon and mercy, and an early grave!
And O! may ye, whose friends around you rise,
Who taste those joys which I have learnt to prize,
Ye, on whose steps love, hope, and pleasure wait,
Value such blessings ere 'tis yet too late—
Think on my fate, my rash example flee—
Raise songs to freedom! and breathe sighs for me!

Naples, March 17th, 1822.

WRITTEN AT PISA.

Pisa, farewell! the golden Arno still
Shall lave thy walls, and all thy fountains fill,
But I shall wander on thy banks no more,
Nor linger musing on thy well-known shore,
No longer gaze in silence on thy stream,
By night illumin'd with the moonlight beam,
No more shall mark the shelt'ring mountain's height,
Which hides fair Lucca from the Pisan's sight.*
Land of the olive! harbinger of peace!
Oh! may this grateful emblem never cease
To deck thy vallies, and adorn the plain,
'Twixt Pisa's walls, and the Tyrrhenian main.

* Perche i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno.—*Dante.*

In peace let hapless Ugolino rest,
Tho' after death by tyrant rage opprest,
His barb'rous murd'rers in their fury blind,
His lifeless limbs to infamy consign'd,
And e'en around his neck a chain affix,*
Lest his freed soul recross the fatal Styx,
Escape from Charon, to avenge its wrongs,
Resume the shape to which its wrath belongs—
Burst from the tomb, inflam'd with fury dire,
On his foul murd'rers vent his tenfold ire—
Light on their guilty heads with matchless hate,
And to each foe assign Ruggieri's fate!
Could not thy sorrows with more pity meet
In that rude iron age, than at thy feet
Thus to be forc'd to see thy babes expire;
Their only crime—to own thee for their sire!

* When the body of the unfortunate Count Ugolino was discovered last year, a chain was found attached to the corpse.—*Jan.* 1820.

Whate'er *thy* guilt, thy children yet were free,
What cruel mandate bade them die with thee?
Thou who so oft the tempest's rage did brave,
And fac'd the perils of a wat'ry grave.
Ah! why thus doom'd by cruel fate to miss
A glorious death—to meet an end like this?
Happy had ocean's deep vouchsaf'd a tomb,
And thus have sav'd thee from a dungeon's gloom.

Jan. 1820.

PAST JOYS.

When friends have left us—when no more we hear
Their much-lov'd voices strike the list'ning ear,
When moments, hours, and days e'en glide away,
Uncheer'd by friendship's smile—life's brightest ray,
Hush'd every sound in haunts where pleasure reign'd,
And social converse shed a charm unfeign'd,
Where talents bright, with genius in their train,
Crown'd those blest hours we ne'er may know again:
Oh then shall mem'ry yield us pain and grief,
Retracing hours of bliss, alas! so brief,
And yet ne'er valued rightly till they fled,
And left the earth to slumber with the dead.

When the swift wings of time have far remov'd
Friends—peaceful homes—all, all that we have
lov'd,
With sad regret we dwell, and anguish keen,
On joys of other days that once have been,
And blest us—yet e'en now amidst the gloom
Which recollection casts around the tomb,
The mind may draw a transient, faint, relief,
To soothe its anguish, and disarm its grief,
There is a melancholy pleasure, still,
Which hangs around past joys, no grief can chill,—
Oh ! it is like the sun's last setting ray,
Which gilds the evening of a clear, bright day,
And lingers yet to shed its latest gleam,
Since night's dark mantle soon must cloud its beam;
And this we now may taste, tho' pleasure fail
To cheer the scenes where we shall spread our sail;
As our frail bark perchance shall onward glide,
Borne o'er the surface of life's ebbing tide,

Tho' storms shall drive it with resistless force,
And boist'rous winds obstruct its humble course,
Remembrance still may rouse a golden dream,
Rich as the sands of fam'd Pactolus' stream,
And tho' the sun of happier days be set,
Still from our hearts we'll banish vain regret,
Each over-anxious, worldly thought dismiss,
And reason calmly on terrestrial bliss,
Still cling with fondness to the friends we love,
Yet fix our firmest thoughts on things above.

Rome, 1820.

MOLA DI GAETA.

I VIEW'D thee, Mola, by the moon's pale light,
Lovely and calm, yet not in beauty bright,
As when Aurora, with her purple hue,
Set forth thy modest graces to our view,
Lit up thy charms, then more than heav'nly bright,
And ting'd thy mountains with a golden light;
Fast in his cave the winds Eölus bound,
And sav'd thee from each slight intruding sound;
No breath escap'd to agitate the air,
But grace and beauty reign'd in silence there,
E'en the rude ocean whose tumultuous roar
With deaf'ning clamour strikes each neighbouring shore,

Here hush'd and captive rolls no longer free,
But chain'd and silent yields its power to thee,
Here each proud wave uncurls its tow'ring head,
And scarcely undulates the ocean's bed,
Whilst still as nearer they approach the land,
More smooth th' unruffled waters wide expand,
Till as a glassy lake their surface shines,
Which on each side thy woody bank confines.

June 1820.

ADDRESSED TO LADY F. M.

THIS flow'r I gather'd in th' Elysian fields,
Freddy, with fondest hope I send to thee,
That the pure, fragrant breath its perfume yields,
May waft their fabled happiness to thee.

Yet may thy life no poet's fable prove,
Thy future lot no dream of bliss divine,
But true and lasting as Eliza's love,
Each feign'd delight be realized in thine.

Campi Elisei, May 22, 1820.

ADDRESSED TO ITALY.

FAREWELL, Ausonia! fading from my view,
From Simplon's height receive my last adieu!
May heaven protect thee, lov'd, and beauteous land,
From the fierce tyrant's sacrilegious hand,
And save its fairest, and its fav'rite child,
From hordes of rude barbarians, fiercely wild,
And grant thee force and courage to oppose
The yoke of bondage, and a host of foes;
Tho' now so humbled, thy once glorious head
If not to ev'ry sense of feeling dead,
Thou yet canst boast, tho' of all else bereft,
In honour's cause one warm pulsation left—
Rouse thee, Italia! for thy children's sake,
From thy disgraceful lethargy awake!

Think on thy former glories, now no more,
And be again what thou hast been before.
Awake, Italia! from thy shameful rest,
List to the cries of innocence oppress,
Wake to the sound of freedom's latest call,
'Tis her last gasp, be free—or greatly fall!
Once more, farewell! I leave thine Alpine snows,
By nature plac'd a barrier 'gainst thy foes,
Thy mountain torrents and thy dark ravines,
Thy fertile plains, and all the various scenes
In which fond nature loves to see thee drest,
Shall ever on my grateful mem'ry rest,
And a new link shall each remembrance be,
To enforce the chain which binds my soul to thee;
Yet now I quit thy charms without a sigh,
And calmly view them fading from my eye,
Can bear to gaze, tho' day's declining ray
Lend its last gleam, and now they fade away—

Yet this affects me not, a stronger tie
Now bids my willing footsteps onward fly,
Homeward I turn to greet my native shore,
Free from the mountain blast and torrent's roar,
Fantastic nature in a foreign clime
May pierce the soul with greatness more sublime,
Frown from amidst her rocks, ope wide her jaws,
Defiance bid to her most sacred laws,
Doom her own offspring to the dire embrace,
And in one ruin swallow up her race*—
This has no charms for me—I love her best,
When deck'd in smiles, all nature seems at rest,
And dearer far to me the peaceful scene
Of Britain's fertile valleys, cloth'd in green;
Its healthy meadows and productive soil,
Whose plenty soon rewards the lab'rer's toil,
Whose daily task perform'd, he sinks to rest,
Nor dreads the neighbouring mountain's nodding crest;

* Martigny.

Oh! blest Britannia—freedom's sacred isle!
Long on thy shores may Heav'n vouchsafe to smile,
Still on thy favour'd head new blessings send,
And from all foes thy sea-girt plains defend.

May 4, 1821.

THE EFFECTS OF ABSENCE.

Poets may sing, and friends may swear, that love
Is only taught by absence to improve,
That friendship shall its pristine warmth retain,
And still unchang'd, thro' ages shall remain;
But trust not this delusive, dear deceit—
'Tis rarely thus long parted friends shall meet;
The world hath been too busy since that hour
When parting friendship brav'd its heartless pow'r,
Habit no longer can exert its sway,
Nor rule the thoughts and actions of the day;
New friends, new customs in their turn control,
And new impressions agitate the soul.
And is it true, the world can thus destroy
Each blessed prospect of domestic joy?

And can it teach to hearts, once warm and true,
To change their feelings and their native hue?
With heartless, cold, averted gaze to turn
From those whose long-tried friendship now they spurn,
To wear a frigid and ungenial air
Towards those whose sentiments they cease to share?
Hearts that with theirs in unison had beat
Full many a year, with careless glance to greet,
Each warm emotion from their breasts to chase,
Of early friendships banish ev'ry trace,
Themselves—their feelings—to the world resign,
And sacrifice their hearts at fashion's shrine?
O! could these hearts the glitt'ring phantom know,
For whom the joys of friendship they forego,
How false, how treacherous—their idol's love
Shall soon to its deluded vot'ries prove!

How soon its fav'ring smiles, from them withdrawn,
Shall court new triflers, skill'd alike to fawn;
How in their hour of grief and heartfelt pain,
Cold and indiff'rent shall the world remain,
And turn with careless heart and tearless eye
From the sad tale of all their misery!
Then would they learn those faithful hearts to prize,
Whose truth untainted by the world shall rise,
O'er whom ingratitude disowns the power
To render callous in affliction's hour;
Who, firm and fond, in conscious virtue drest,
Forgive the frailties of a contrite breast,
With eager zeal forestall the suppliant's pray'r,
The broken ties of friendship to repair,
With soothing kindness, love and pity blend,
And hail with rapture a returning friend,
Nor other boon their faithful hearts implore,
Than to be lov'd—as they were lov'd before!

March, 1824.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H. G——N,

ON THE BIRTH OF HER SECOND DAUGHTER.

WHAT, tho' the adverse fates should linger still
A parent's fondest wishes to fulfil,
And still refuse, regardless of thy prayer,
To crown thy hopes, and bless thee with an heir,
Lament not, Mary, that, decreed above,
Another daughter claims a mother's love!
To more ambitious man the wish resign
To see his name adorn a num'rous line.
Be thine, my fair, the more endearing part
To tend thy babe, and form her infant heart,
Nor deem the culture of a female mind
A thankless labour—useless to mankind;

Beauty may win, and grace attract the eye,
But virtue only lifts the soul on high!
If thy fair infant own her mother's face,
If she inherit half her mother's grace,
If in her dawning mind the promise be
Of all those virtues which unite in thee,
In future years, perchance, this fruitful soil
Shall yield a golden harvest to thy toil,
And her soft influence in the land be felt,
When some proud heart beneath her charms shall melt;
Haply the flame her virtues shall inspire,
May in her country's cause some patriot fire.
To noblest energies his soul awake,
And bid the senate with his thunders shake,
Till, like her grandsire, he'll bequeath a name
To link his mem'ry with his country's fame!

Sept. 1829

MONODY ON MY DEAR FATHER,

EDWARD, LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

December, 1818.

Ye who have mourn'd o'er life's departing breath,
And view'd the sad and solemn scene of death,
Whilst hanging still o'er him whose soul is fled,
Have ye not felt the awful, silent dread,
Which strikes the soul as we in vain deplore
His loss, whose presence ne'er can cheer us more!
Those eyes are closed, whose fond approving glance
Could once the bliss of each gay joy enhance;
Those lips are seal'd—where truth for ever reign'd,
Where wisdom dwelt, and piety unfeign'd!
Cold is that heart, whence goodness ever flow'd,
Where virtue, life, and feeling warmly glow'd—

That heart is cold where justice held her sway,
Whose righteous dictates virtue lov'd t' obey,
E'en vice abash'd, its sacred force confess'd,
And suff'ring innocence her champion blest !
Stranger to art, disdaining vain parade,
Unmov'd by interest, ne'er by flatt'ry sway'd,
With zeal untir'd maintaining virtue's cause,
When daring vice presum'd t' infringe her laws,
Religion's staff, morality's defence,
Endow'd with talents rare, and soundest sense,
His chief, his constant aim, the public good,
Dauntless 'midst censure and applause he stood !
Reason would soon his transient wrath subdue,
His christian bosom never vengeance knew;
He *felt* an insult, but reveng'd it not,
Th' offender pardon'd, and th' offence forgot;
Prompt to acknowledge if himself he err'd,
From gen'rous candour ne'er by pride deterr'd,

A heart that tenderness at once could melt,
Where ev'ry kinder, gentler feeling dwelt,—
Such was the father whom we now bewail,
But what can tears or poignant grief avail?
Can they recall him to this earth again?
False, flatt'ring hope! ah! wherefore art thou vain?
Yet wish it not!—nor mourn his trial o'er,
Since pain can wound, nor anguish grieve him more;
Whilst all those virtues which adorn'd him here
Will prove his passport to a worthier sphere!
For earth too pure, above this dark abyss
His soul was summon'd to etherial bliss;
Confided now to blessed angels' care,
He lives again their lasting joys to share!
Since hopes like these the righteous souls await,
From earth translated to a glorious state,

Let us no more our fruitless hours consume
In vain lament, but teach our grief to assume
A nobler character, a loftier tone,
More worthy *him* whose spirit hence is flown;
His actions imitate, his virtues tell,
And with delight on all his merits dwell,
Rais'd above earth and ev'ry earth-born care,
For Heav'n's eternal joys our souls prepare,
Till ev'ry feeling, taught on high to soar,
Our hearts shall taste of bliss unknown before.

St. James's Square, Dec. 1818.

TO 1818 AND 1819.

Adieu ! thou'rt fled—thy days are told !
Another comes on swiftest wings,
And like the Phœnix, fam'd of old,]
Thy offspring from thy ashes springs !

Thou'rt come—but whether 'tis design'd
In joy to smile—in grief to sigh !
Submissive, to my fate resign'd,
His Will be done, who reigns on high !

ON THE DEATH OF E. A. TOWRY.

Check not the tear which Grief and Nature crave,
To bathe so fair an infant's early grave;
But let the Christian's hope our fears disarm,
Our anguish soothe, and chase all vain alarm;
Let Resignation's hand unlink the chain
By Sorrow weav'd, and mitigate our pain;
Teach our wild grief with gentler tide to flow,
And bless His Name who dealt the fatal blow.
For tho' from mortal eyes are oft conceal'd
His ways divine, enough has been reveal'd
To make us rest contented with our state,
Since Mercy guides the hand that rules our fate.

Had her frail thread of life been longer spun,
Nor yet so soon had set her dawning sun,
We cannot say how long the transient gleam
Had shone propitious on life's chequer'd stream;
What griefs had haply check'd its troubled course,
And dimm'd a stream so limpid at its source.
But now we trust a soul so young, so pure,
Hath wing'd its flight above this world obscure;
Refin'd from earthly dross, now heav'nly bright,
Will rest for ever in the realms of light!
Let not blind mortals then presume to raise
Their humble accents but in notes of praise;
With grateful hearts that heav'nly Pow'r revere,
Who gave us being, and who placed us here;
Whate'er our lot, repress the murm'ring sigh,
And live like Christians—and like Christians die.

Basle, Sept. 1819.

REFLECTIONS

ON A LIFE OF DISSIPATION.

How poor the joys those hapless mortals taste
Who still in Folly's train their moments waste;
In Pleasure's giddy round unpleas'd they mix,
Nor find one object which their hearts can fix,
Whilst each new day the idle hours are past
In joyless retrospection of the last.
Lost to all real bliss and true content,
The mind grows weak, and all its pow'rs are spent;
A mere existence is to them decreed,
Fearing to inspect too close the life they lead;
They hurry wildly on, their only thought
Bent on that happiness so vainly sought;

And whilst they marvel that they find it not,
Ne'er think to blame themselves, but curse their lot;
Or fancy still, some joy not yet possest
Would fill the craving in their aching breast,
That when acquir'd but leaves a craving still,
Which pleasures vain like these can never fill;
Till the worn mind, exhausted, pants for rest,
By false enjoyment vanquish'd and opprest.

MELANCHOLY THOUGHTS AT PISA.

If tears could speak the grief I feel,
The weight with which my heart's opprest,
My weeping eyes would soon reveal
The anguish lab'ring at my breast.

Ah! they would tell how ev'ry hour
With heavier footstep stalks along,
Yet they must ever want the pow'r
To say what griefs to each belong.

But feeling hearts no impulse need
To comprehend a soul's distress,
That pierced with Sorrow's dart may bleed,
Tho' language fail its wounds t' express.

Then sympathetic souls extend
To soothe a heart yet new to grief;
That pity thou alone canst send,
The only balm which yields relief.

But sanguine youth no more indulge
The hopes to which it fondly clung,
Bid its gay prospects all revulge
Back to the heart from whence they sprung

Teach it with firmness to discard
The cherish'd error from its mind;
Think, if the effort cost thee hard,
'Tis always pain to couch the blind.

Thus undeceiv'd, 'twill learn to know,
Ere sad experience prove the truth,
How vain, how false the glitt'ring show
That wins the breast of fervent youth.

It cannot check the tide of grief,
Nor yet avert Affliction's dart;
It cannot e'er impart relief
When under Sorrow's sting we smart—

For human nature's still the same,
To earth-born evils ever prone,
Which cheat the promise youth may claim,
And change its notes to Sorrow's tone.

And tho' its buoyant spirit rise
Fresh from beneath Affliction's stroke,
Soon this elastic fervour dies,
By griefs repeated, crush'd and broke.

And then, oh then, 'twill weeping own
The fallacy of worldly bliss,
And rue the glare which glitt'ring shone
To guide it t'wards the dread abyss.

But timely warn'd its path to flee,
  Youth may with calmness glide along;
And humbly bear, if Fate decree,
  The woes which to our state belong.

Pisa, Nov. 1819.

FAREWELL TO LONDON.

THOU flatt'ring, false, deceitful world—adieu!
Now have I trod thy motley stage anew,
Shar'd each delight thy festive scenes could yield,
And each new haunt have tried in pleasure's field,
But still unchang'd, I look on all thy joys,
Ill form'd to yield content—thy sweetness cloys;
The heart but sickens o'er thy follies vain,
And counts the hours thus idly spent in vain,
Hours in which mem'ry's efforts lie unblest,
One thought to trace or new idea exprest,
Where ev'ry taste must bow 'neath fashion's sway,
And court the hackney'd smiles that round her play,

Each object that her partial favour shares,
Seen thro' *her* glass, a diff'rent aspect wears;
Art mimics nature—naïveté is art,
And all her vot'ries act a studied part:
Those whom her frowns condemn they freely
blame,
And to the skies extol her minion's name;
Yet hapless mortals, vain of such applause,
Submissive yield to her tyrannic laws,
Nor blush their lives by such deceit to guide,
But madly in her treach'rous smiles confide.
Awake! each slumb'ring menial of her train,
Nor doom experience still to plead in vain,
Her's is the voice of wisdom and of truth,
A prophet own'd by age—tho' scorn'd by youth!
'Tis thy own cause she pleads with ardent zeal,
And as a parent makes the fond appeal;
Fain would she rouse thee from thy slipp'ry state,
Ere strength'ning errors circumscribe thy fate,

Ere yet the witchcraft which allures thy heart,
Its vital streams infect with deadliest art,
Corrupt the liquid currents as they flow,
And doom thee to eternity of woe!

1821.

PORTRAIT OF LADY ——.

ENDOW'D with beauty of that kind
Which seems to speak the feeling mind,
In whose soft eye are seen exprest
The workings of her gentle breast,
Wherein, if pleasure hold her sway,
Her eyes dart forth a bright'ning ray,
And with such living lustre beam
That more than human oft they seem:
But didst thou view her in that hour,
When tyrant grief exerts his pow'r,
When hope and joy have given way
To pensive meditation's sway,
Too sadly would her eyes express
Too feelingly her soul's distress;

Yet would I not exchange one sigh
Breath'd in that hour when none were by,
For all the smiles which beauty wears,
When freest from heart-rending cares;
For lovelier far I deem her now,
With that expression on her brow
Of mild endurance, silent woe,
Disdaining ostentatious show,
Than when, in livelier mood perchance,
She casts around the quick'ning glance;
As in mid-day the blazing sun,
Ere half his course he yet has run,
Darts all around his piercing rays,
Too dazzling far for human gaze;
Tho' then in majesty array'd,
Less pleasing than that soften'd shade,
We view, when, at the daylight's close
Th' effulgent brightness milder grows,

And we can mark his fading ray,
Till, cloth'd in night, he sinks away.

Her aspect wore a stately grace,
Which suited well her beauteous face,
Yet temper'd with that softness mild,
By nature lent the artless child,
And when engag'd in converse sweet,
With those she lov'd, whose hearts could meet,
Each gentle feeling she exprest
As it arose within her breast,
Her eye the quick expression caught,
And of itself half spoke the thought.

She was romantic, some would say,
Because she had more heart than they,
And oft dissatisfied she stole
From joys ungenial to her soul,

When as her tears in silence flow,
With secret hope her heart would glow,
That haply she ere long might find
A gen'rous heart, a feeling mind,
That corresponding with her own,
Had all the gentler feelings known,
In temper firm at duty's call,
In social converse, mildness all,
In sweet alliance with that soul,
In joys sublime her years might roll,
With that all sympathetic breast,
Her's might, whene'er with grief opprest,
Divide the anxious wish, and share
Each tender hope that linger'd there;
Such hearts thus link'd in friendship's chain,
The world's mean joys might well disdain,
And to its cares indiff'rent grown
Live in each other's hearts alone,

Till that still hour when life's bright day
Shoots forth its last declining ray,
Then join'd in calm and fervent pray'r,
Religion's peaceful joys they share,
Before th' Almighty low they bend,
And blessings for their earthly friend
Invoking with their parting breath,
Smile on each other e'en in death.

THERESE.

Urge me no more! thy prayer is vain,
Too deep within my suffering heart
Sorrow hath fix'd her with'ring dart—
I cannot meet the world again!

I cannot tread the festive hall,
I cannot join the glitt'ring throng;
The midnight dance, the once-lov'd song,
Would now too many a pang recall.

The laugh, the jest, I there might hear,
With bitter taunt would seem to say,
"Can sounds like these chase grief away,
"Unwelcome guest! what dost thou here?"

To check the o'ermast'ring tide of woe,
Vain would each borrow'd art appear;
Smiles cannot chase the struggling tear—
The fount when full must needs o'erflow.

My brow of gloom would all in vain
A smoother surface strive to wear,
For lines of care are graven there,
Too deep to be effaced again!

Then wherefore seek the haunts of men,
I am not as I was of old;
The die is cast—my heart is cold—
It cannot wake to life again!

LINES ADDRESSED TO F. S. L.

I MAY have seen a fairer face,
E'en gazed upon a brighter eye,
But ne'er on brows where I might trace
A kindlier glance of sympathy.

And tho' thy features may not boast
The symmetry of ancient art,
They own those charms I value most,
A beauty springing from the heart.

Which if by casual grief enhanc'd,
It bring th' angelic mind to view,
Then the rapt soul may gaze entranc'd
On charms of more than earthly hue.

They wear a smile by Nature lent,
A grace that breathes in them alone,
To mortal eyes by angels sent,
To link our nature with their own.

They speak the peaceful, humble mind
To piety and virtue giv'n,
'Till by such purity refin'd,
Our thoughts are rais'd from earth to heav'n!

Rome, April 6th, 1822.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

O SAY, what varied feelings at the tale
Of Byron's death, in British hearts shall spring?
And can it be, the sad event shall fail
O'er some cold breasts a transient gloom to fling?

Shall not each human heart to feeling born,
In one deep sentiment of grief unite?
Whilst round the tomb where weeping muses mourn,
Genius and freedom shall to fame excite?

Alas! there breathes too many a spirit frail,
From whose cold ear the news shall pass away,
Who scarce shall mark the melancholy tale,
Nor own a feeling which survives the day!

Others again, whose sterner minds are prone
The darkest side of human hearts to scan,
Shall dwell with rigour on his faults alone,
And scorn the bard—in hatred to the man!

To those whose breasts the love of genius fires,
Temper'd by Virtue's firm despotic reign,
A mingled sentiment the bard inspires
Of admiration, pity, and disdain!

O'er ill directed feelings now they mourn,
And grieve to mark how Vice exerts her sway,
And weep that hearts to better feelings born,
Should thus by Passion's force be led astray.

For who can say, how fair the plant had thriv'n,
Had early culture bless'd the fruitful soil;
What promise fair each op'ning bud had giv'n,
To pay with usury the lab'rer's toil?

Of magic eloquence like his possess'd,
Had all his talents been to Virtue giv'n,
Had sacred truths his pow'rful mind confess'd,
What converts had he made from earth to heav'n!

Thousands might then have bless'd his honour'd name,
And Britain proudly hail'd her darling son;
Whilst Virtue, borrowing the trump of Fame,
Proclaim'd the victories her champion won!

Whate'er his faults, still Britain feels *one* tie
To bind her closely to her child remains;
Wherever struggling Freedom rais'd her cry,
His heart responsive echoed back the strains!

For when self-exil'd from his native land,
A kindred feeling taught him *there* to roam,
Where Freedom's torch, by noble spirits fann'd,
Still bade the British wand'rer think on home!

O may the land which heard his latest groan,
No recreant to the cause of Freedom prove;
But whilst the "sons of Greece" his loss bemoan,
Their latent energy his spirit move!

O may each torch that lights him to the grave
Add freshened vigour to the gen'ral flame;
And e'en his ashes curse the tim'rous slave
Whose servile heart ne'er wept his country's shame!

Still *one* there lives, whose fate to *his* was seal'd,
By mutual vows—by men and angels heard!
Whom he had sworn to succour and to shield,
Till death should loose the oath his lips preferr'd!

And shall *she* mourn o'er his untimely fate,
On whom the darkest of his faults hath shone?
Ordained the suffering victim of his hate—
Say, can *her* breast one tender feeling own?

ON THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON.

Yes! *she*, the mother of his daughter, weeps!
For tho' *he* long had broke each dearer tie,
In woman's heart each fiercer passion sleeps,
Affection only *there* can never die!

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF "RIEGO."

WOULD ye know why an *ass* was employ'd to convey
To an infamous death the base Ferdinand's prey?
'Twas that Tyranny sought thro' the limits of Spain
For some beast of a nobler descent—but in vain!

For each steed, of a nature more gen'rous and brave,
Scorn'd "The Champion of Freedom" to drag to the grave;
Till an ass, whose dull spirit ill-usage had broke,
The true emblem of slavery—bent to the yoke!

London, Nov. 1823.

ADDRESSED TO F. H. L.

WHEN SHE COMPLETED HER SEVENTEENTH YEAR,

February 11*th*, 1829.

SINCE then to me devolves a task,
That well might claim a gifted ken,
A lovelier theme I could not ask
T' inspire a humble poet's pen.

As late I mark'd thy sparkling eye,
The soul that lived in every glance,
And watch'd thy fairy footsteps fly,
As music wak'd th' enliv'ning dance;

My roving fancy lov'd to trace
A vision of thy future years,
And gazing on thy joyous face,
My bosom throbb'd with hopes and fears!

Yes, new to life, each varied joy
To thee one bright illusion seems;
Thou know'st not that delight can cloy,
And grief dispel our brightest dreams.

'Tis hard to think a form so fair,
The ills of life should ever know;
That bosom be a prey to care,
Those radiant eyes with grief o'erflow!

Tho' Virtue's self, to aid each strife,
Within thy breast shall plant her shrine,
When launch'd upon the sea of life,
I tremble for a heart like thine!

Yet wherefore on a day like this,
When all should seem as bright as thee,
Indulge in aught but dreams of bliss,
And sounds of mirth and revelry?

It is not meet, in darksome mood,
The bard should thus thy visions cloud;
On this thy brightest hour intrude,
And life's gay hopes in sorrow shroud.

Then O! whene'er thy blissful doom
Shall claim my sounding lyre again,
For thee I'll chase a poet's gloom,
For thee awake a livelier strain!

And now my pray'rs I waft on high,
That countless years of bliss be thine!
And nurse a hope, and breathe a sigh,
That one sweet smile may yet be mine!

Feb. 11*th*, 1829. Signed ——.

THERÈSE.

INDULGE fond hopes, if yet thou mayst,
'Tis long since mine were chill'd;
My heart is but a dreary waste,
With gloomy visions filled.

Each brighter prospect dash'd to earth,
Each gayer hope destroy'd,
The voice of grief has silenced mirth,
And left my breast a void!

LINES,

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED BY CORINNE TO LORD NELVIL, ON RETURNING THE RING.

TAKE back this pledge, in days of yore,
Love's fondest, fairest, earliest token,
That dear—that madd'ning dream is o'er,
Thy heart is chang'd!—and mine is broken!

It may not now with me remain,
It could but serve anew to waken
The torturing pang that fires my brain,
The deadly thought—that 'tis forsaken!

I know e'en yet, could pride allow,
Thou'rt mine by oath !—attest it, Heav'n !
But I should scorn by plighted vow
To bind a heart once freely giv'n.

Whilst burning drops mine eyelids lave,
Thine image from my breast I'll sever,
Drown years of hope in Lethe's wave,
And fling thee from my heart for ever !

Sospiri miei, dolorosi e tristi,
Quanti ne mando giù che non son visti!

(ALVINA.)

ALAS! how many a mournful sigh
In solitude my bosom heaves,
Without one human witness nigh,
Whose sympathy my heart relieves.

Oh! if in joy 'tis bliss to know
The heart that with our own can beat,
The bosom that with our's can glow,
And fancy's fond illusions meet,

'Tis dearer far in sorrow's hour,
When melancholy clouds the brow,
To feel that friendship owns the pow'r
To bid our grief to reason bow;

O then 'tis luxury to feel
One faithful breast our anguish share,
Assuage the pain it cannot heal,
And check the madness of despair.

THE FAVOURITE OF NATURE.

LINES SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED TO ELIZA RIVERS.

Those care-worn looks of sorrow speak,
Of chill'd affection—blighted love,
The tear which trembles on thy cheek,
Might claim a sigh from saints above!

Say, was it 'neath some sudden blow,
Thy over-anxious bosom bent,
That laid thy towering hopes so low,
And all thy native vigour spent?

Oh ! that had been a friendly stroke,
Had spared my heart full many a pain,
For then—it must at once have broke,
And I—had ne'er known grief again !

But no !—a harder fate was mine,
Affection's withering gleam to mark—
To watch its gradual, slow decay.
And view its latest glimm'ring spark !

Yet then !—when all was dark and chill !—
And that lov'd heart was cold to me,
E'en then I felt—I priz'd it still,
And wholly wean'd—I could not be !

For love like that which once I felt,
In lines too lasting had been trac'd—
Too long had on my mem'ry dwelt
To be by time's rude hand effac'd !

For as the troubled waves are seen,
Tho' hush'd the storm, to tremble still,
E'en so the heart where love hath been,
Can ne'er grow altogether chill.

Full many a year may glide away,
Should Heav'n vouchsafe my life to save,
And still my unalter'd heart will say,
It changes only in the grave!

August 29th, 1822.

THE PREFERENCE OF FEELING OVER TALENT.

THERE are some o'er whose bosoms no feeling hath power,
Who each softer expression disdain,
And who mock at the wretch if in misery's hour
He should seek to give vent to his pain.
The sorrows they witness, but never can share,
But to sallies of wit can give birth,
And the heart-rending accents thus wrung from despair,
They but deem a fit subject for mirth.

To my bosom such laughter no bliss can impart,
And with far dearer warmth it shall glow,

If one burst of true feeling escape from the heart,
Than e'er wit's brightest flash could bestow.
From the lightness of spirit that baffles controul,
From such heartlessness fain would I flee;
For the brightest of talents unlink'd with a soul,
Will be ever unvalued by me.

THE PREFERENCE OF BEAUTY,

AS THE RESULT OF FEELING OVER THAT ARISING FROM EXTREME YOUTH.

In life's first spring, when all around is gay,
And blest by Heav'n, the heart with rapture smiles;
In calm content existence rolls away,
And youthful beauty all our care beguiles.

With fond delight on ev'ry glance we dwell,
Each rip'ning grace that strikes the ravish'd eye;
Her native bloom, her ev'ry beauty tell—
Nor dream we e'er for other charms can sigh!

But there are moments when our hearts have felt
That youth and beauty yield not all we ask;
And that the lovely shrine at which we knelt,
Proves in our utmost need—a vacant mask.

If now, with grief oppress'd, our hearts should sink,
Th' eternal smile no longer glads the eye;
And whilst from such ungenial mirth we shrink,
For warmer, livelier feelings vainly sigh!

Oh! then we find the lily and the rose
All insufficient in affliction's hour;
And e'en the childish bloom that health bestows
A magic spell—now robb'd of all its pow'r!

Who would not change these transient, fragile charms
For the high soul with lively feelings fraught;
Since grief at once their vaunted boast disarms,
And proves, when sinking, at a reed we caught.

Favor'd by fortune, should our years extend
Unchequer'd e'en by casual scenes of woe;
Yet e'en in bliss the heart demands a friend,
And solitary joy disdains to know.

Vain then our hope, beneath the roseate bloom,
Of childish infancy that soul to find,
Which blends alike with ours when Sorrow's gloom
Or Hope's bright visions agitate the mind.

Perchance within the youthful bosom lurks
The seed of all our fondest hopes demand;
Still it must share the fate of Nature's works,
And wait th' appointed season to expand.

And tho' the first fresh smile of youth be past,
The soul which then in ev'ry glance shall live,
Will o'er each charm a deeper int'rest cast,
And to each grace a softer radiance give.

Sept. 2nd, 1822.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF SERAFINO AQUILANO.

Evergreen doth Hope appear,
Wrestling with our grief and fear;
Every earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

Fortune oft may bear away
Honours, titles, realms, and sway;
But no art hath power to steal
That which ev'ry pang can heal;
That which can our hearts sustain
Whilst Misfortune frowns in vain;
Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

Syrens sing when Ocean's breast
Trembles, by the storm opprest,
For to them the troubled sea
Yieldeth hope of joy and glee!
If with cruel fate we strive,
Hope can yet our heart revive;
Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

Soft and sweet, its sacred gleam
Care shall lighten, toil redeem;
Teaching us the seed to sow,
Whence the future crop shall grow;
Lending vigour, day by day,
To the mind that owns its sway;
Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

Hope the throneless king can cheer,
Hope can soothe the pris'ner's fear;
Bid the drowning man revive,
Bid the slave with fetters strive;
Doom'd to death, the felon still
Clings to hope, and fears no ill;
Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

When Despair asserts her sway,
Gentle Hope shall softly say:
" Cease, O mortals, to repine,
" Happier days shall yet be thine;
" Whilst the roots remain alive,
" Withered trees may yet revive;
" Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
" Hope alone can never die!"

Oft if dark despair assail,
Man would fain his life curtail,
Did not hope, with promise bright,
Check the soul's untimely flight,
Whisp'ring, grief, till past controul,
Still should scorn the sword or bowl;
Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

Now to rob e'en death of fears,
Hope to parting life appears,
Bids the soul its faith maintain,
Doth its dying pangs sustain,
Leading it with fostering care,
Heaven's eternal joys to share;
Ev'ry earthly bliss may fly,
Hope alone can never die!

London, Jan. 1832.

TRANSLATION OF A SONG,

Written by a French Sergeant, on the Campaign in the Morea, 1828.

NAY frown not warriors brave and bold,
Favour'd sons of fame and glory,
Ye were but novices of old
In all the arts of victory;
Victors and vanquish'd strew'd the plain,
Mankind you threaten'd from afar,
Each morrow view'd new heaps of slain,
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

What sought ye erst in Moscow's field?
What led ye to the shores of Spain?
Thousands their early doom have seal'd
In many an ill advis'd campaign!
Oh say! can laurels steep'd in gore,
Bind up those wounds that Cairo saw?
Or Belgium's slain to life restore?
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

But now, since diplomatic skill
Mars and Bellona can dethrone,
Towns shall surrender to the quill,
And slaughter be a curse unknown;
Grown harmless, e'en the cannon's roar
No more shall thunder from afar,
No longer blood, but ink they pour:
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

The Grecian rebels to chastise,
  The Turk has arm'd a hostile band,
The Frank to their assistance flies,
  And vows t' avenge the Moreot's land:
But lo! the Turks are seen to yield,
  The diplomat with many a star,
From his fireside has won the field:
  Heard ye e'er the din of war?

And yet to please the Gallic host,
  Favour'd sons of fame and glory,
We run to seek, at desperate cost,
  A phantom farce of victory.
The Mussulman, too proud to stoop,
  Unsheathes the shining scymetar,
Before our flag, his standards droop,
  Heard ye e'er the din of war?

Already Modon opes her gate,
As sound our trumpets 'neath her walls,
Coron sublimely strives with fate,
And slings a pebble ere she falls!
Th' Egyptian pacha scorns controul,
For refuge flies to Bacchus' car,
With Christians drains the madd'ning bowl,
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

As the Gallic lines advance,
See Navarino's portals close,
A sapper dares the unequal chance,
Alone defies his sable foes,
He mounts—but sliding o'er the sand,
He bites the dust—he curs'd his star—
A Turk stretch'd forth a saving hand:
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

And how? shall Patras hesitate?
Each warrior trusting to his shield,
Hath sworn within her walls to await
The fiercest carnage, ere he yield.
Lo! summon'd by the Gallic force,
The Turks their castle gate unbar,
They count their loss—a goat, a horse:
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

With these inglorious operations
Ends the Gallo-Greek affair,
Farewell! orders—decorations,
Farewell! castles in the air!
In hapless exile here we pine,
Strangers on a foreign shore,
Uncheer'd by glory, love or wine:
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

Oh! ye decreed by fav'ring fate,
In happier Provence to remain,
Oh! cease to mourn your blissful state,
Oh! cease to envy us in vain!
If e'er again, 'neath Toulon's bowers,
To Bacchus we libations pour,
Well may ye sing the live long hours,
Heard ye e'er the din of war?

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

" Ne giorni tuoi felici,
Ricordati di me."

* * * * *

If time should bring thee happier days,
Blest hours from anguish free,
'Midst all the varied dreams they raise,
Reserve one thought for me!

If southern suns thy steps allure
'Neath cloudless skies to roam,
Whilst fann'd by zephyrs soft and pure,
Still turn one thought to home!

And tho' through many a varied clime
Thou 'lt wander far away,
O let not changing scenes, or time,
Ere teach thy heart to stray!

From her who erst in Friendship's name
To light a beacon strove,
Which still emits a lambent flame,
As bright—more pure than love!

"——— Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

Dante.

Oh! tell me no more of the joys that are fled,
Of the moments so bright that are past,
Since in all my heart's grief not a tear have I shed—
Then oh! why should I weep at the last?

O for this—that no anguish that tortures the
breast
Hath a sting of such venomous pow'r,
As the dear recollections of days that were blest,
When they haunt us in Misery's hour!

A torch to sacred Friendship's name
To light I vainly strove;
Scarce had it caught the quick'ning flame,
It kindled into love!

Enrag'd, I dash'd it to the ground,
And knelt at Friendship's shrine;
Then rais'd my eyes, and wond'ring found
The form I worshipp'd thine!

Farewell! through every varied clime
Where hearts can melt 'neath beauty's ray,
Thou'lt mock the envious hand of time,
And rule each breast with sov'reign sway.

And when by southern breezes fann'd,
In gay delights thy moments flee,
O then from that far distant land
Bestow one transient thought on me!

" Non ti lagnar de' mali,
" Non creder solo i tuoi,
" Ch' ognuno de' mortali,
" Ha da soffrire i suoi."

Metastasio.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION.

Dissolv'd in tears, no longer mourn,
Nor dream you weep alone;
Since ev'ry breast to feeling born
Hath suff'rings of its own!

Oct. 18, 1823.

TO LORD S——TH.

With a glove torn in shaking hands with him, the first time we met after his resignation, and which he desired me to send to him.

Now let *G* be the *G*lory your talents have gain'd,
And let *L* be your *L*ove for the land you revere,
Then shall *O* be the *O*rder your efforts maintain'd,
And *V* stand for the *V*irtues which mark'd your career.

Then shall *E* be the *E*arnest, first wish of my heart,
That a life thus devoted to England's renown,
May now taste of those joys which its virtues impart,
Still your friends and yourself with new blessings to crown.

July 8th, 1822.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED BY ELIZA RIVERS TO WALDEGRAVE.

Favourite of Nature.

STILL foolishly fond doth my memory cling
To those days of delight that are past,
When your love o'er each hour a soft radiance could fling,
O'er each joy a new brilliancy cast;
Oh! 'twas bitter indeed to awake from that dream,
How I wept when I found it untrue,
Whilst I felt I'd have giv'n whole worlds to redeem
Those blest moments when cherished by you!

How I question'd the past—strove each scene to recall,
With new fancies still tortur'd my brain,

But your change and your coldness were mystery all,
And I sought for the cause, but in vain!
How often, when struggling with anguish and care,
Have I sigh'd for that hour of relief,
When my full beating heart almost wrung with despair,
Might at length give a vent to its grief!

By day my fond bosom would strive to repress
Th' unavailing and desolate sigh,
For my pride could not brook all my grief to confess,
Tho' betray'd by the tear in mine eye!
But in solitude's reign, pride is robb'd of her pow'r,
And the heart hath the mastery then,
And the full tide of feeling may flow in that hour,
Unexpos'd to the censures of men!

But what boots it to linger and weep o'er the past?
Can I change what my fate hath decreed,

Your affection is gone, and my days are o'ercast,
And my heart must in solitude bleed;
For vainly I've striven my bosom to steel
'Gainst the sorrows your conduct would wake,
But all fruitless th' attempt, for my heart it would feel,
Nor will it be hush'd—till it break!

THE END.

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

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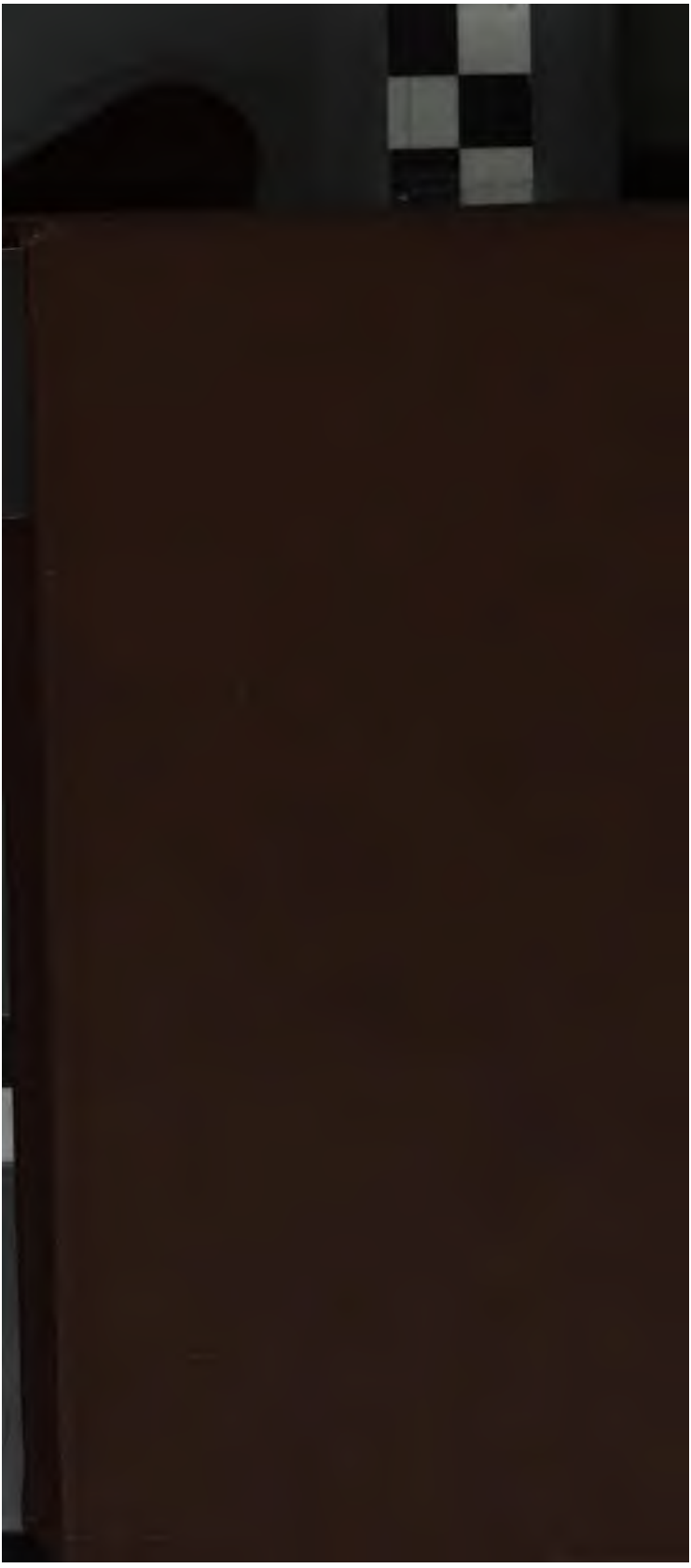
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